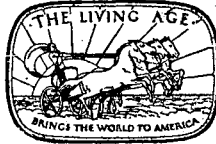


THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 334 — MAY 1, 1928 — NO. 4329



AROUND THE WORLD

THE visit to London of Herr von Kühlmann, ex-Imperial Chancellor and former counselor to the German Ambassador to Great Britain, stimulated fresh speculations in regard to future international developments. The *Daily Telegraph's* diplomatic correspondent suggested that the trip was prompted by ambassadorial ambitions, although it was ostensibly a quite informal mission. Von Kühlmann conversed with Cabinet members, suggested close political and economic coöperation between England and Germany, and agreed that France should be a third and equal party to any agreements that were made. Since this genial visitor enjoys a substantial following among German Democrats and big industrialists, his attitude attracted favorable comment.

The same cannot be said of Arnold Rechberg, whose strange effusions regarding a Franco-German alliance we printed in our last issue. This important industrialist has always advocated Franco-German industrial coöperation, — sometimes to the exclusion of England, — and has lately been writing in

the French press in favor of a Franco-German-American military alliance as well as an economic agreement. The *Daily Telegraph* criticizes certain influential Englishmen for attaching any importance to these schemes, and goes on to show the hollowness of Franco-German agreement at Geneva.

Jacques Seydoux's article on France and Germany that leads off this issue of the *Living Age* attracted wide attention on the Continent. The *Deutsche Bergwerks Zeitung* of Düsseldorf points out the traditional rivalry between France and England, as well as England's historic determination never to allow any European Power to develop overwhelming strength on the Continent. Having checked Germany, England now finds herself confronted by an even more formidable France, which leads this same paper to continue as follows: —

'And why does Seydoux tell the English all these bitter truths in their foremost newspaper? The *Times* has realized why, and says so in its leading article, in its cool, reserved manner. Seydoux's article is just a little too clever. Seydoux wants France to make

Copyright 1928, by the Living Age Co.

it her policy to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, as the English say. He wants to operate economically with Germany and politically with England. . . . Seydoux evidently expresses the opinion of the predominating force in France. From the accompanying leading article in the *Times*, it is clear that England understands exactly what France wants. We hope that the Wilhelmstrasse is also following this important development and understands its meaning. Great Britain will not swallow the bait. She will not enter into an understanding along the lines desired by Seydoux, with the object of achieving the political repression of Germany. That is not in England's interests, and will, therefore, not be done. But something else is possible: an economic and political understanding among all three. If it came to pass, then, indeed, the peace of Europe and the peace of the world would be assured. It need not, and should not, be directed against Russia. Not at all! But it would immediately render innocuous all that is dangerous in the Bolshevik-Communist policy of Moscow.'

This opinion, to be sure, is unduly emphasized by the Soviet Government's arrest of German engineers in the Don Basin. Most of the German press, observing the tendency of France and England to gloat over the incident, counsels a pursuance of the Russian connection as a necessary counterweight to western commitments.

An article by Colonel House in the April issue of the *Contemporary Review* has once more fixed English attention on the question of freedom of the seas. 'Our only reason,' confessed the *Manchester Guardian*, 'for resisting the principle of freedom of the seas was that we believed ourselves to be in a position to command them.' The same paper

goes on to show, however, that America would be just as quick as England to stop neutral commerce in case of war, and points out that 'in fact American needs and interests now closely approximate to our own. Both countries have a large sea-borne trade which they desire to protect from seizure when they are neutral, and both have roughly equal power to disregard neutral claims when they are at war. There is no reason why they should behave differently. To suppose, as Americans are apt to do, that they are only concerned with the maintenance of neutral rights, or, as the British Admiralty apparently does, that we must always be a belligerent in any naval war, is surely to do more than justice to the Americans and rather less than justice to ourselves.'

Colonel House's suggestion that complete freedom of the seas be guaranteed at all times is therefore questioned not only on the ground of expediency but also in the light of the Monroe Doctrine and the League of Nations. The *Manchester Guardian* feels that exceptions should at least be made in case either of these issues were involved, pointing out that America would incur universal obloquy if she tried to break a blockade declared by the League. The *Manchester Guardian* neglects to mention, however, that England is rather more likely to be involved in a war than the United States.

While we are on this subject, it may be appropriate to quote from a recent letter from Lord Robert Cecil to the London *Times* in which he explained just how the breakdown at Geneva occurred. Here is a portion of this letter, followed by a significant comment from the *Nation and Athenæum*:—

'After prolonged negotiations the British delegates, in agreement with the Japanese, made certain proposals. These comprised a figure for the total tonnage of cruisers, destroyers, and

submarines, and the limitation of 10,000-ton cruisers of the British and Americans to 15 or less, with a proportionate number for the Japanese. So far the Americans said they saw no insuperable objection to agreement — which, in diplomatic language, meant that they would agree if they could get nothing better. The British also proposed that the cruisers other than the 10,000-tonners should be limited to 6000 tons carrying 6-inch guns. This the Americans rejected. They wanted 8000-ton cruisers instead of 6000, and 8-inch guns instead of 6-inch.'

'Lord Cecil disagreed with the Americans, but thought the difference far too small to justify a breakdown of the negotiations. He and Mr. Bridgeman both thought that a compromise should be attempted. Accordingly they made three proposals successively, which Lord Cecil now details. "All these suggestions of compromise were rejected by the Cabinet," though Mr. Bridgeman and Lord Cecil both supported them. In the final telegram from the Cabinet, they were specifically directed to "offer no compromise" on the 8-inch-gun question. This is the plainest account which we have had of that disastrous episode, and it makes it perfectly clear that the Conference was wrecked by the British Cabinet.'

One possible successor to Stanley Baldwin as premier has been removed from the scene in the form of Sir Douglas Hogg, who replaced Lord Cave as Lord Chancellor the day before the latter died. Sir Douglas was generally looked upon as one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons and an oratorical bulwark of the Conservative Party.

The Tory press enjoys nothing more than gloating over Lloyd George's disappointments, a recent incident in the House of Commons having provided the latest opportunity for an excursion

into this pleasant sport. A debate regarding the present law that allows coal miners to work eight hours a day was in progress, and the Laborites were demanding a return to the old seven-hour day. Finally the talk took such a turn that Lloyd George began associating himself with Labor attacks on the Government for its conduct during the strike, and even announcing that the Labor Party was trying to restore his own bill of 1919. At this point, however, someone recalled the Sankey Report and the fact that Lloyd George's Government had not carried out its recommendations. This interruption promptly led to a wrangle between Lloyd George and the Laborites, in the course of which the Liberal leader found himself attacking the folly of the miners and announcing, 'It is always their way to blame somebody else for their own follies.'

As the *Daily Telegraph* points out; one thing at least is clear — 'Labor leaders will not let themselves be called fools by anyone, Liberal or Conservative.' The incident also shows how slim are the prospects of Liberal and Labor coöperation.

The appointment of a new British minister to the Holy See has recalled the fact that the Papal Court has no nuncio in London. The *Outlook* urges that this state of affairs be remedied, saying: 'As for the Protestant objections to a papal representative in London, they strike me as particularly futile. The Papacy is a world Power, whether Mr. Kensit and his followers like the fact or not, claiming spiritual allegiance from millions of His Majesty's subjects, and every argument for having a British minister in Rome is a reason for having a papal muncio in London. I hope Sir Austen Chamberlain will take his courage in both hands and ask Cardinal Gasparri to make the appointment, which is, after all, only

the complement of that of Mr. Chilton to the Holy See.

Nothing but good cheer pervaded the British press when the Simon Commission wound up its preliminary duties in India and sailed home. The boycotts and demonstrations that at first threatened to assume serious proportions fizzled out, and, although certain districts of India supported the National Parliament in its complete repudiation of the Commission, the dissenting minorities were often large. There is no denying that the members of the Commission scored a strong personal success. They held many informal interviews with representative men from every walk of life in every part of the country, and now possess a first-hand acquaintance with the problem before them.

The *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, both Conservative journals, feel that the opposition in India is bound to subside. Apparently the country is not so organized or so constituted as to be able to maintain any one attitude for a sufficient time to prove effective. In such a land of chaos reforms must be enforced from the top.

Leopold Weiss's important and informative account of recent Arabian history and of Ibn Saud in particular has been substantiated by a dispatch in the *Daily News*, and should therefore not be looked upon as the prejudiced view of an unfriendly though especially well-posted foreign visitor. H. St. John Philby, characterized by the *Daily News* as 'the foremost living authority on Arabia and its people,' supports Herr Weiss's contentions that the Irak was guilty of a breach of the Ukair Protocol, though he does not go so far as to say that England is definitely fomenting trouble in that region.

Meanwhile a treaty has been drawn

up, although not at present writing ratified, between Emir Abdullah of Transjordan and the British Government. A very limited form of independence is recognized, and the Emir agrees to be guided by British advice in regard to foreign policy, finance, and any legislation that involves British or foreign subjects. As the *Times* remarks, the status of Transjordan is that of a protectorate in fact though not in law. Quite naturally, the same paper finds it easy to assert that the natives desire neither a French mandate nor Wahabi rule.

Ever since the signing of the Peace Treaty a considerable and highly vocal element in France has kept repeating its conviction that Germany is developing a vast secret army. This belief came to the fore once again as a result of Russia's disarmament proposals at Geneva, which Germany warmly supported, only to be criticized by Paris for hypocrisy. The *Manchester Guardian*, ever the champion of the under dog, at once pointed out that a huge army no longer possessed any value. What counts to-day is a small mobile force equipped with tanks, airplanes, heavy artillery, and poison gas — all of which Germany is forbidden to possess. Although the man in the street may not be aware of this, the German War Ministry is, and self-interest as well as honesty would lead it to frown upon the alleged moonlight drills with antiquated weapons. Furthermore, if Germany hopes some day to construct such an army, she would at least be building roads to carry it toward her frontiers, but such is not the case. Pacifists and informed militarists would both oppose any such army, and the country gives every indication of not wishing to develop the small technical weapon that may prove decisive in future warfare.

The most serious thing in Germany at the moment is not the Army, but the landless peasants of East Prussia, who have risen in armed — or at any rate pitch-forked — revolt against the Government authorities. The object of their indignation is not the rich Junker who exploits them, but the Central Government at Berlin and the Prussian State. The fact is that the Junkers, finding themselves for the first time in their lives as heavily taxed as the rest of the country, have inflamed the peasants and convinced them that all their woes originate in Red Berlin. Prussia is, to be sure, somewhat tinged with Radicalism, but both the State and the National Government have tried to help the Junkers, who are simply paying rather late in the day the same price that has been constantly demanded from the city dwellers. At bottom the ill feeling arises from the same rivalry between city and country that manifests itself in many other parts of Europe.

The newly constituted Sejm in Poland did not open under the most auspicious circumstances, so far as Marshal Pilsudski was concerned, for when he began reading the Presidential Message his voice was drowned out by a violent demonstration from the benches on the extreme Left. The disturbance ended when General Skladkowski, the Minister of the Interior, entered with a squadron of police and evicted five of the principal offenders, who could not plead parliamentary immunity since they had not as yet taken an oath of office. This incident may have affected the vote on the election of a Speaker of the House, for on the second ballot it was discovered that the Government's candidate, Dr. Bartel, had secured but 163 votes against a majority of 206 for the Socialist candidate, Daszynski. Dr. Bartel's defeat

may disturb Marshal Pilsudski's plans for the redistribution of ministerial offices. The Government Deputies felt so badly about the whole affair that they marched ostentatiously out of the Chamber when the results of the voting were announced.

The spring thaw has restricted the aggressive Soviet grain-collection policy, and the March total is already estimated to have been about a half-million tons below schedule. Extreme measures have been taken against the *kulaks*, or 'fists' as the Soviet call their rich peasants, and the Moscow correspondent of the *Daily News* reports that in one district on the Dnieper the Government has confiscated thirteen thousand acres from farmers who have refused to accept the low prices offered by the Soviet. *Izvestia* declares that another twenty-five thousand acres 'may also be made available for poor peasants.' Stalin's swing to the Left and toward the policies of Trotskii is said to be growing more evident. Some students of Russian affairs, however, feel that his zigzag course is only natural under the circumstances, and that his real tendency is in the opposite direction, or toward the Right.

The Greek Foreign Minister, Michal-acopoulos, met his Turkish colleague, Dr. Tewfik Rouchdy bey, in Geneva, and an agreement between their respective countries was reached on the limitation and eventual reduction of naval armaments. William Martin, writing in *Journal de Genève*, suggests a broader political agreement between the two countries, something along the lines of the treaties of neutrality and nonaggression which are so popular nowadays. This rapprochement between Greeks and Turks has been welcomed as a sign of more peaceful settlement of political problems in the Near East.

The Constitution of Yugoslavia may be amended to permit the establishment of a Senate, to revise the method of appointing the Regency Council, and to alter the frontiers of provinces in accordance with social, economic, and geographical conditions. Although the Government officially denies any impending changes, long articles are appearing in the Belgrade press discussing the proposed alterations.

Meanwhile Yugoslavia's relations with Italy have been improving. It is now generally felt that the postponement for six months of the abrogation of the Pact of Friendship between these two countries has done much to ease the situation, for a renewal of the pact last January would have been palpably insincere, and if it had been outrightly denounced at that time disastrous consequences might have followed. The rapprochement between Rome and Paris, particularly through the cautious moves of Ambassador Beaumarchais, has led to closer relations between Italy and France's ally, Yugoslavia. The great obstacles in the way of an understanding lie in the Skupshtina's refusal to ratify the Nettuno Conventions. The London *Times* discounts much of the talk of Italy's desire for territorial gains in the Balkans, as follows:—

'No impartial man with any knowledge of Balkan conditions can seriously suppose that Italy cherishes any territorial ambitions in the Balkans, or that any such ambitions, were they entertained, would have the least chance of success in view of the growing sense of solidarity among the Balkan nations. Italy herself is perfectly well aware of this fact. It is hard to believe that in these circumstances some formula cannot be found to allay those Yugoslav misgivings about Italian activity in Albania which must be allayed if there is to be any real and last-

ing improvement in Italo-Yugoslav relations.'

The Ninth Anniversary of the founding of the Fighting Fasces has been celebrated by a Decalogue of Fascism that contains the following commandments:—

1. Be it known that the true Fascist, particularly the Militiaman, must not believe in perpetual peace.
2. That terms of imprisonment are always merited.
3. That one's country is served even when guarding a tin of petroleum.
4. Your companion-at-arms must be as a brother, because he lives with you and thinks as you do.
5. Rifle and equipment are not given to you to spoil, but to keep in order and readiness for war.
6. Never say: 'After all, the Government pays'; because it is you yourself who pay, and the Government is the one you want and for which you wear this uniform.
7. Discipline is as the sun to armies; without it there are no soldiers, but only chaos and defeat.
8. Mussolini is always right.
9. Disobedience can plead no mitigation for the volunteer.
10. What, above all else, should be most dear to you? — The life of the Duce.

A copy of this priceless document was handed to each of the eighty thousand new young members of the National Militia. The occasion was celebrated by a parade of female Fascisti armed with rifles.

To pass to the more serious aspects of the Italian situation, we find that affairs are still in a strained condition, not only between Mussolini and the Pope, but also between Mussolini and the King, whose abdication is again being rumored. Although the Prince supports the Duce, the King feels that the present rule is unconstitutional and that it shows no indication of mending its ways as he had hoped it would.

Giolitti has done his bit by announcing in the Italian Chamber that the new electoral law is unconstitutional.

William Martin, writing in the *Journal de Genève*, welcomes Spain's decision to remain at Geneva. 'The League of Nations,' he says, 'is like the kingdom of Heaven, and the return of a repentant sinner causes more joy than the fidelity of fifty-four just men.' England also congratulates Spain on its new move, which we are inclined to suspect originated last summer at Majorca when Sir Austen had his little chat with Primo de Rivera.

The *Outlook* comments as follows:—

'The news that Spain has decided to rejoin the League of Nations is welcome, particularly from a British point of view. Like Great Britain herself, Spain is in Europe though not of it, and as a result she is in a position to adopt a detached attitude toward many of the problems which are brought up for discussion at Geneva. Our own representatives there have had a hard battle to prevent the League being swamped by Central European intrigues, and the reappearance of the delegates of Spain should mean a welcome reinforcement for Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendun.'

HOW MUCH BETTER THE KING
WOULD DO IT!



'If everybody did their straightforward duty in as high-minded and conscientious a manner as the King and Queen, they would be nearer to the solution of social problems and to happiness as a nation and state.' Mrs. Snowden at Parliamentary Press Gallery Dinner. — *New Leader*

HUMANITY IN SORROW



'Why cannot all those clever statesmen find the way to peace?'
— *De Telegraaf*, Amsterdam

BUSINESS ABROAD

GOLD movements, the stabilization of European currencies on a gold standard or gold exchange standard, and the final settlement of the German Reparations question have been among the chief topics of interest in European financial circles recently. The last two of these three problems are contingent upon the elections in France and Germany, whereas the first is believed to lie in the hands of our own Federal Reserve Board.

France is expected to stabilize her currency with the reelection of Poincaré and the vindication of his financial policy, but sentiment in that country seems to favor the gold standard rather than the gold exchange standard, as Max Hermant points out elsewhere in this issue of the *Living Age*.

The Bank of France is in a position to buy gold in the open market, and it is believed that she may be able to take enough to make an impression on the American market. Some observers feel that she may take as much as 200 million gold dollars from America by the first of July, but should such a movement go too far our Federal Reserve System could raise rediscount rates sufficiently to reverse the trend. Günther Stein, the London correspondent of *Berliner Tageblatt*, who made a recent visit to America to study our financial situation, points out that Governor Strong favors the export of gold, since he looks toward international coöperation rather than to purely national interests. It is estimated that the French holdings of foreign exchange amount to about thirty billion francs, and since most of this is on deposit in

New York, London, and other financial centres it has in part been responsible for the speculative booms that have been set in motion not only in America but also abroad. The *Statist* has this to say of the ticklish nature of the entire situation: —

‘In any event the situation is certainly abnormal, and probably unprecedented. Here is the Bank of France with the equivalent of probably 30 milliard francs in sterling or dollars (apart from the gold it holds abroad), which serve in large part to provide credits for buying more francs. To convert them *en masse* into gold would not merely upset the markets in London and New York, but be unsafe for France, since a large proportion of this money is on loan. Even a mild measure of conversion threatens to cause upheavals in one centre as in the other. And yet so long as the money remains in liquid form it encourages the superimposition of credits in quest of the franc, besides contributing to that fever of speculation which now possesses several capitals, including especially New York, Brussels, and Paris.’

British banking circles are also disturbed over the plans of France to make heavy withdrawals, but of this situation the *Statist* takes the following optimistic view: —

‘In addition, sterling, though it has not been quite so firm over the past weeks, still holds its ground surprisingly well, and commands substantial premiums over most of the important gold currencies. Two factors of uncertain bearing cast a gloom of doubt over the hopes of a lower Bank rate. The first is the existence of the large

French balances in the London market; the second is the position in the United States. As regards the first of these, it is apt to create altogether too much despondency in some minds. The proposed establishment of an Anglo-French banking institution, whose primary function would be to place the said funds, certainly does not promise an early and inconvenient withdrawal of French balances. The position in the United States is undoubtedly complex. It would be well, however, to beware against exaggerated reports. On the one hand, it is improbable that the reports of unemployment, distress, and economic stagnation are substantiated by facts.'

Germany's foreign exchange reserve is being transformed into an absolute gold reserve, which partly accounts for recent shipments of gold to that country. With an adverse balance in the future, therefore, she would export gold, thus emphasizing her position for a revision of the Dawes payments. Already the state of mind of Europe is being prepared for a final settlement of the Reparations problem. Premier Poincaré brought this out in his address at Carcassonne when he looked for a speedy acquittal of foreign debts and Reparations. Parker Gilbert, moreover, has been holding numerous conferences in London, Paris, and Rome, presumably on the subject.

Britain's credit policy has found a bitter critic in Mr. Walter Runciman, *England* Liberal M. P. and former President of the Board of Trade, who brackets England with China, Chile, and New South Wales as the only countries where government securities have depreciated in value during the past three years. 'Why,' asks the *Statist*, 'have we kept this undignified company with an unhappy country which has been the prey of warring bandits, with another whose

most important industry — nitrate — has been at death's door, and with a third in which a Labor government has trotted along the path of heedless extravagance? Mr. Runciman answers this disturbing question very convincingly. It is, he says, because the British Government, instead of repaying debt over the past three years, has absorbed additional amounts out of the pockets of the people. The amount of the excess of borrowing over repayment Mr. Runciman places at £93,700,000.'

Of this amount, 10 million pounds may be laid to the American debt, 12 million to interest on Savings Certificates, and the remainder to loans floated under government guaranties. The *Statist* remarks: —

'The effect of these loans on British Government credit is similar to that which would be exerted by direct borrowing on behalf of the Government. In these figures is certainly to be found one of the factors that have contributed to the depreciation of British Government stocks during three years that have witnessed a substantial fall in world prices — especially in sterling prices — and over the course of which the securities of most other governments have shown distinct appreciation.'

The *Economist* has compiled some very interesting if somewhat vague statistics comparing British and American productivity. Basing its conclusions on the admittedly uncertain evidence compiled by the British Census of Production of 1924 and the American Census of Manufactures of 1925, this paper cannot help concluding that American output is distinctly greater per head and more efficient per unit. 'For instance,' says the *Economist*, 'while the American heavy steel, engineering, motor, electrical, and boot and shoe trades appear to be organized on a very much larger scale than their

prototypes in Great Britain, the shipbuilding and cotton and woolen textile trades in the two countries do not apparently differ very greatly in point of size. In most cases the percentage of the net to the gross output figures is higher in America than in Great Britain (the motor and cycle trades being an exception). This feature is most noticeable in the shipbuilding and the textile trades, whereas in the metallurgical industries the difference is not very striking, having regard to the nature of the figures themselves, which, it cannot be too often insisted, do not admit of close comparison. The figures of "net output," or, to use the American term, "value added by manufacture," include wages paid to workpeople, which, as will be shown later, are probably higher, pro rata, in America than in England.

Figures also show that the average output per wage-earner in America is two and one-half times the corresponding figure for Great Britain in the heavy steel industry, three times as great in the engineering and motor trades, and approximately twice as great in textiles. During 1926 American wages were estimated at 123 per cent above the 1914 level, whereas in Britain they were only 75 per cent higher. It is doubtful if this difference is entirely accounted for by the increased cost of living in America compared with England. The contrast is also accentuated by comparative weekly wages in specific industries. At the end of 1926, for instance, the average weekly earnings of skilled workers in the American automobile industry were returned as equal to £7. 3s. 5d. a week, and £5. 14s. for unskilled labor. The wage census taken in Great Britain in 1924 revealed that the average weekly earnings of all persons engaged in motor vehicle and cycle industries at four dates during the year

were £2. 19s. 6d. in the case of the larger firms, and £2. 6s. 5d. in the case of the smaller ones.

British attention has also been drawn toward America by a recent speech of Mr. E. H. H. Simmonds, President of the New York Stock Exchange, who told the American Chamber of Commerce in London that America needed England's close co-operation in the new financial rôle she found herself playing in the world. The *Economist* remarked with gratification upon the high compliments paid by Mr. Simmonds to the ethical code England had established throughout the world during her period of financial leadership, and added that 'it is good to learn that Wall Street is fixing a second bolt to the door as strong as that applied last century by Lombard Street.'

The *Motor Trader* has published statistics showing that Britain's production of private automobiles has quadrupled since 1922 and that 161,920 cars were made last year. Owing to the horsepower tax, 24 per cent of these cars developed less than 10 horsepower and 43 per cent between 10 and 12 horsepower. Only 13 per cent were capable of more than 15 horsepower. Strong protestations have been made against this tax, a petition with 900,000 signatures having been submitted to Winston Churchill for a change. It is hoped that Mr. Churchill will apply a gasoline tax next year.

The present system handicaps foreign competitors, especially Americans, who do not make such low-powered cars, and allows the British oil trusts to go their way rejoicing. This consideration has no doubt been responsible for the present state of affairs.

Some observers expect an amalgamation between Salt Union and Imperial Chemical Industries, but the *Statist* feels that the directors of the corporation are opposed to absorption

largest zinc producer in the country.

Plans for a canal between Krasnoarmejsk on the Volga and Kumowskoi on

the Don are announced
Russia by *Deutsche Allgemeine*

Zeitung. The new and most important waterway will be 62½ miles long, will require five locks, and will cost 93,600,000 rubles. One fourth of Russia's internal traffic moves over her rivers and canals, and since 70 per cent of this is on the Volga River the importance of this new link is self-evident.

The Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Government has issued a decree by which she disowns her currency beyond the confines of Russia — owing, of course, to the depreciation of the Soviet chervonets. The new law formally forbids the reëntury into the U. S. S. R. of all sums in chervonets notes or other forms of Soviet currency. Moreover, private persons may not take currency abroad. In order to obtain money the Soviet Government has been making contracts with foreign firms, granting them a monopoly for the sale abroad of several Russian export articles in return for advance payments. The Union Cold Storage Company, for example, has been granted a monopoly of the sale of Soviet butter, eggs, and poultry for a period of three years, and similar contracts are being prepared in timber, furs, and other standard export articles. The attitude of the peasants, however, makes it difficult for the Soviets to get the necessary supplies.

A settlement has finally been made of Rumania's debt to France, and the

The Balkans country will now be in a position to float a foreign loan if her political situation remains stable. Under the arrangement announced by the French Ministry of Finance, Rumania will pay off her debt of 525 million gold francs in 62 annuities. Beginning with 1,261,-

000 gold francs this year, she will increase her annual payments until she will be remitting 22,576,950 gold francs yearly between 1969 and 1989.

According to recent statistics, Italy took almost one fourth of Yugoslavia's exports for 1927 and Austria 22.64 per cent. Among other countries which rank high are Czechoslovakia with 11.35 per cent; Germany, 10.60 per cent; Greece, 9.68 per cent; and Hungary, 7.63 per cent. The United States takes only one fourth of one per cent of Yugoslavia's total exports.

According to statistics published by the National Bank of Czechoslovakia, 65 joint stock companies with a total capitalization of \$5,684,691 and 116 corporations with a total capitalization of \$870,735 were formed in Czechoslovakia during 1927. Capital increases were made by 65 joint stock companies and corporations, amounting to \$4,278,039, and 64 wrote down their capital by \$4,726,142.

Dutch and Czechoslovak financial consortiums have become interested in several industrial enterprises centring around Krakow, particularly in projects involving foodstuffs, metal, paper, textiles, and soap. According to the Polish Minister for Trade and Industry, out of 850 Polish companies 667 are supported by domestic capital and 183 by foreign. The electrical industry has been particularly popular with foreign investors, seven foreign financial consortiums having become involved. The Government is expected to raise the official discount rate, to reduce the fiduciary circulation, and to encourage manufacturers to seek the assistance of foreign capital. The balance of trade continues adverse, and there is little prospect of improvement until the autumn. Meanwhile, stringency in the money market has grown more acute, having extended from Congress Poland and Galicia into Upper Silesia and

by outside interests and favor a larger consolidation of the salt trade in order to put an end to the competition which threatens the prosperity which has prevailed for the past thirteen years. The Salt Union's chief competitor is Cerebos, whose 1927 earnings, about one half of which are now confined to salt, are expected to equal those of 1926, when net earnings amounted to 37½ per cent and a dividend of 25 per cent was paid on a capitalization which had increased by one third through a bonus stock distribution.

The Leipzig Spring Fair enjoyed but moderate success so far as domestic sales were concerned, and *Germany* export sales were hampered by the high costs of production in Germany. This has been accepted in some quarters as further evidence of the passing of the trade boom, although the present state of affairs may be merely temporary and due to seasonal influences. Credit, moreover, is not easy, and has prevented the placing of many new orders with manufacturers. Uncertainty as to the outcome of the general elections, which have been set for May 20, and anxiety over further labor troubles, are also accepted as causes of the present slump. Unemployment figures, however, have shown a decrease as the season has advanced, and the seven leading German banks, in their reports for 1927, show increased turnovers from 631,100 million marks in 1926 to 817,900 million marks in 1927. The shipping lines are also prospering.

Negotiations have been resumed among a score of German sheet-metal rolling mills to conclude either a combination or a price agreement. Among the leading firms taking part in the conference are Vereinigte Stahlwerke A.-G.; Mannesmann and Company; Wolf, Netter, and Jacobi; Otto Wolff; and the chief works of Western Ger-

many; but Eisen and Huttenwer A.-G., of Bochum, and Eisen and Stahlwerke Hoesch A.-G., of Dortmund, have shown no interest in the negotiations, and it is felt that without their inclusion no general agreement can be materially effective.

Germany raised 25½ million dollars in fourteen foreign loans in February as compared with almost 20 million dollars the previous month. Less money was raised in America, where Holland rose as a source of capital for less than 700,000 dollars in January, more than 7 million dollars in February. The German Reichsbank apparently enjoyed a prosperous year, for her dividend rate has been increased from 10 to 12 per cent. The Daimler-Benz Corporation, the great German automobile manufacturing concern, however, passed its dividend in order to strengthen its technical and financial position, according to *Berliner Tageblatt*. Foreign competition, *Kölnische Zeitung* says, may also have had an effect upon the company's earnings.

A credit institution whose principal object is to grant first gold mortgages to foreign ecclesiastical bodies has been founded at Nijmegen, Holland, under the name of *Mij voor Buitenlandsche Hypothecaire Kerkelijk Crediet*. It is capitalized at one million florins. During the past few years German and Hungarian churches have raised a number of loans in Holland.

Kölnische Zeitung welcomes the combination of two great Belgian zinc producers as further evidence of the rationalization and consolidation of the industry in Europe. The Compagnie des Metaux Overpelt-Lommel and the Société Anonyme Métallurgique Corphalie have combined, and between them they will produce about 70,000 tons of zinc annually, or 34 per cent of the total Belgian output. This combination thus becomes the second

Poland proper. The number of protested bills has been particularly great in the textile and paper industries, as well as in the colonial goods branch.

Sixty-five Austrian corporations combined during 1926 and 1927. The tendency was most marked among machinery manufacturers, where 13 corporations were included in various fusions. Many of the consolidations were vertical, for a chemical manufacturing corporation combined with an electrical works and a construction company with a lumber corporation. There was also notable concentration into larger units in the chemical industry. The 75 banks and savings banks which existed at the end of 1926 had been reduced by the beginning of 1928 to 45, 12 of them savings banks. An international cartel of hat manufacturers is now in the process of formation. Austria initiated the negotiations, and it is planned to unite producers in Czechoslovakia, Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Switzerland.

Coincident with the drawing up of a treaty between Great Britain and Transjordan, phosphate deposits estimated to contain 18 million tons have been found near Es Salt, Transjordan, by investigators of a British company. Preliminary negotiations are being made for the exploitation of the discovery.

The Turkish Government is encouraging its textile industry, for cotton and silk goods make up 40 per cent of the country's total imports. The total domestic production has been estimated at 1,640,000 yards annually, but imports are valued at 90 million Turkish pounds.

The *Japan Advertiser's Annual Review of Finance, Industry, and Commerce* chiefly devotes itself to showing how successfully Japan has been weathering her post-war crisis during the past twelve months. Officials and busi-

ness men argue that a bright future awaits the country once its machinery is adequately adjusted to the tempo of modern life.

Besides these glittering generalities, the review also contains a number of little-known but interesting facts. It informs us, for instance, that Japan is the foremost motion picture producing country in the world, since its studios turn out about 850 pictures of feature length a year, as well as innumerable news reels and shorter subjects. The United States makes about 600 feature films a year, Germany 200, and France and England about 90 each. Japan is also the only country not dominated by American films. Whereas nearly 90 per cent of the films shown in Europe are of American origin, only 15 per cent of those shown in Japan come from the United States. It appears that women are far less popular on the screen than men, and that Douglas Fairbanks is the favorite actor, with Harold Lloyd a close second.

In the motor-car trade the United States plays a far more important part, 90 per cent of the automobiles sold in Japan coming from America. Automobile imports from England have fallen off in the past few years, while France, thanks to the Citroën, has advanced. In motor cycles America passed England for the first time since 1922.

On the whole, Japanese business showed distinct improvement during 1927, the unfavorable balance of trade having reached its lowest figure since 1919. Silk, dyestuffs, paper, cement, shoes, and rayon all showed record production, silk and rayon having done particularly well. The *Japan Advertiser* warns foreigners against drawing false conclusions from the fact that they are getting less Japanese business. The country is becoming industrial-

ized, and foreigners must adjust themselves to selling certain specialized lines. 'Taken as a whole,' this paper concludes, 'Japan's economic position is sound. Financially, on the surface, there are evils which should be eradicated. Spiritually and mentally, the attitude of the nation's leaders is more constructive, more appreciative of actual conditions, less willing to accept panaceas in place of surgical operations.'

Statistics published by *European Finance* bring home to Englishmen the lesson that Brazil buys more goods from Great Britain than from any other country in the world. 'During the last five years,' remarks *European Finance*, 'Brazil has had an annual average cash surplus of £21,292,500 on her trade with the United States of America alone. This surplus represents an amount equal to three times the service charges on all Federal Government, state, and municipal loans in Great Britain. This surplus constitutes one of the most important items in the balancing of accounts between Great

Britain and the United States of America. Income derived from capital invested in Brazilian enterprises cannot be transferred to Great Britain at the present time in any large sums, because of the fact that Great Britain does not import from Brazil products sufficient in volume and value to create cash exchange here.' The consequence is that Great Britain's income from Brazilian industrial enterprises must remain and be reinvested in Brazil. Furthermore, Brazilian currency has been depreciating, but, since it always possesses considerable purchasing power internally, British reinvestments have benefited by Brazil's difficulties. The excess of Great Britain's imports of Argentinian foodstuffs, raw materials, and produce over her exports to that country amounts to the astonishing figure of 2,050,703,230 dollars, and a press campaign has been inaugurated by several British journals for a more aggressive policy of British export capitalism. Moreover, English firms are urged to meet the competition of France, Germany, and America, which is becoming increasingly strong.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

FRANCE AND GERMANY¹

DURING the six years which followed the war Great Britain had an opportunity of rebuilding Europe as she wished with the help of France. The United States had chosen to withdraw and had refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles. Great Britain and France seemed alone to stand upright in the midst of European chaos. France, in spite of her ruins and the increasing gravity of her financial position, possessed considerable material and moral strength. She supported Poland and the nations of the Little Entente and sought the security of her frontiers and the payment of the Reparations which were due to her. The financial strength of Great Britain seemed more firmly established every day. She alone, in the absence of the United States, could relieve the sufferings of Europe. She laid down formulas which she applied with admirable courage for the reconstruction of finance and the exchanges. At the League of Nations she controlled the Financial Committee, and nothing could be done without the consent of Mr. Montagu Norman.

When the leaders of the French and British Governments or their representatives declared themselves in agreement at the various conferences, the delegates of other states accepted their decisions without hesitation, and whenever Paris and London spoke to Berlin with one voice the Reich submitted

without delay. At Geneva, to give only one example, the delegates of the neutral states, as well as those of the smaller Allies, formally declared to us that they would sign any document which bore the signatures of France and Great Britain without questioning its contents. But they were unable to choose between our two nations if there was a difference of opinion. Unfortunately there was often, in fact nearly always, such a difference. Great Britain failed to understand that this phase of European history would be of limited duration; she was always haunted by the old preoccupation of the 'balance of power,' and in her mind the strong nation then was France, the weak nation Germany. France, for her part, held to the principle which had guided her during her history, and, not finding in the signature of Great Britain and the United States the guaranty which she desired, she tried to set up against Germany with the help of new allies the barrier in the east which had formerly been the mainspring of her policy in the struggle against the Royal House of Austria.

This is why the Franco-British combination neither led nor reconstructed Europe as it might have done; it allowed an unparalleled opportunity to pass, and in history opportunities come but once. Its turn is gone: the reëntry of Germany into the political arena has changed the whole position.

The truth is that Great Britain knew that Germany would recover some day, and did her best to help her in this task.

¹ By Jacques Seydoux, in the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), March 15

The weight of Reparations which had seemed about to crush Germany did not prevent her, once it had been lightened by the Dawes Plan, from making an economic and financial recovery which surprised the most wary experts. Germany soon appeared to Great Britain not so much a customer as a rival. British industry, with its old equipment, which manufactures at an excessive price, cannot compete with the entirely reconstructed German factories. It was impossible to save both finance and industry. Great Britain saved her finance, for hers is a trading organization which must preserve its credit on a high level. Germany sacrificed her finance, but experience has taught us that finance recovers more quickly than industry.

During a visit to London in 1924 the writer drew the attention of certain high British officials to this position. He pointed out the danger to Great Britain, and deplored the fact that she had not seen fit to restore French before German finances. But he also maintained that France would be forced to come to an economic understanding with Germany. The occupation of the Ruhr had proved that France and Germany had more to gain from an understanding than from hostilities, and if that situation had been prolonged an entente between Paris and Berlin would have been imposed by the force of events. French industry was entirely reconstructed. Germany, who had sought to destroy it during the war, now felt for it the respect which a strong competitor inspires. On both sides an attempt was made, not only to resume, but to extend the conventions which were begun before the war. The industries of the two countries had so many points in common that an attempt at joint action was inevitable; both needed external markets, and when trade negotiations

were opened between France and Germany, in October 1924, the German delegates showed how anxious they were to follow the rational and practical path of industrial understanding. We are still only at the beginning of this path, but the advantages of the first agreements are such that attempts are being made every day to extend them and to create others. What has been done with steel, with piping, with potash, is being applied to chemical products, and may be done to-morrow with electrical equipment. Further, the trade agreement signed by the two countries immediately raised the level of their exchanges, and French exports to Germany increased by two thousand million francs in 1927.

The importance of this agreement is considerable, for it has determined the economic doctrine of France. The new tariff rates depend on it; they are modeled upon the needs of Franco-German trade. The changes which are being made in the Franco-Swiss and Franco-Belgian agreements, and which will shortly be necessary in the Franco-British arrangement, are based on the principles laid down in the Franco-German convention. This is a phenomenon of unusual importance, since it means that Franco-German trade relations dominate the whole French economic system.

The considerable influence of deliveries in kind on the relations of the two countries must not be forgotten. At first such deliveries were viewed with disfavor by both parties; at present they are sought and desired, since they provide additional employment and exports for Germany, and place within the reach of France a degree of industrial equipment which her own means would not allow. To secure this result discussions and understandings are necessary; bonds are forged and strengthened, and the two trade systems

learn, every day, to work together.

Whether this tendency be for good or evil is not the question; it is a fact; and there is another, not less important, which we must recognize: France has restored her financial position by her own efforts. She has done this without applying rigid formulas, like Great Britain, without calling for foreign help and compassing her own ruin, like Germany. She has gone to work empirically, and with her own resources. The Paris market is gaining strength, money is plentiful, and only the pressure of taxation makes the placing of foreign loans more difficult in Paris than in London. This reconstruction has turned the rather disdainful pity of the great foreign centres to respect. The New York market is open to us, and the presence at the Bank of France of men who, like M. Rist and M. Quesnay, have a wide knowledge of foreign financial questions gives added strength to an unprecedented position.

France and Germany cannot do without Great Britain; but Great Britain needs them both. The peace of Europe and of the world demands that any Franco-German entente on the economic plane should have as its corollary a still closer entente between France and Great Britain; for, if France desires to be on good terms with Germany, she desires to be on still better terms — on better terms than ever — with Great Britain. It must no longer be possible to read in the German press such statements as this: —

‘There is still an unbridgeable gulf between the British and French points of view.’

That was bad enough before the Dawes Plan and Locarno; it would be disastrous now. And since Great Britain is at present engaged in transforming her industries and bringing them up to the most modern level, she should also adapt her political con-

ceptions to new circumstances which call for more useful attention than she has given to such circumstances in the past.

FRANCE TURNS TO GOLD²

ENGLAND settled her gold problem in 1925. France is settling hers to-day.

Three years ago, the British authorities were hesitating between the gold standard and the controlled currency recommended by Keynes. Their resolute choice determined the monetary evolution of Europe. Up to that time there was still a chance that Europe might shake herself free of gold, letting that metal accumulate in the cellars of the American Federal Reserve Banks. She might by a concerted control of credits have obtained monetary stability — in other words, price stability. Such a vast and serious problem undoubtedly terrified even so strong an organization as the City. Nevertheless it was a programme that would have implied a kind of European discipline, and it was therefore regarded as chimerical.

England took account of the danger involved. If she tried to isolate the dollar — the only currency based on gold — she would run the risk of being abandoned by the other countries and would end up with the sterling isolated. And this was the kind of chance that England could not take. England's normal equilibrium is a dynamic equilibrium based on an excess balance of payments that allows her to make new loans abroad every year. Its corollary consists of foreign orders for British goods. In order to function, this mechanism requires that the gold market and banking market of the City preserve their preëminence and prestige and that the pound sterling retain

² By Max Hermant, in *L'Opinion* (Paris Moderate weekly), March 10

the confidence of the entire world. Isolation of the pound sterling could not fail to result in the total ruin of British prosperity.

For this reason England took the opposite course. Seeing that an invincible movement was establishing gold in other countries, and preferring to lead rather than to follow, she put the pound sterling back on a gold basis.

But at the same time she knew how to take advantage of her power and to convince the Americans that she had chosen freely and that the policy of renouncing gold that could have been pursued in Europe would have constituted a serious danger to the United States. Furthermore, in sidetracking this policy England claimed that she had deliberately strengthened the power of the Federal Reserve Board. From this situation arose the financial alliance between New York and London that has persisted ever since.

At the beginning of August 1927 the Federal Reserve Banks lowered the discount rate and thus created during the next two months an important mass of new credits, some of which took the form of commercial credits, the others consisting of advances to brokers on the New York Stock Exchange. The increased commercial credits in dollars rescued the London market and raised the value of the pound sterling. The increased advance to the brokers stimulated the New York Stock Exchange and helped to maintain the American interest rate at a low level. New York thus achieved its triple purpose — it helped London keep up the pound, it checked the flow of gold into the United States, and it raised the prices on the New York Stock Exchange without increasing the price of merchandise in America.

Thus we see the logical development of the Anglo-American policy. During 1925 and 1926 it was pursued as a

policy between two partners only, and other nations were not considered capable of intervening. America, with its immense stock of gold, its excess of exports, and its unprecedented internal growth, and England, with its Imperial production of gold, the concerted financial policy of its Dominions, and the powerful technique of the City, found themselves the two uncontested controlling forces. Foreign Powers could well be looked upon as negligible. Germany, propped up by foreign credits, was placed in a dependent position. Paris, which once stood on a par with London, was relegated to obscurity.

But in 1927 a new factor emerged. French fortunes took a turn for the better. Most of the foreign indebtedness to our country was centred in the Bank of France, which promptly re-emerged in the world as a power of the first importance. A new problem at once arose — what would be the gold policy of the Bank of France?

There were two possible hypotheses. Either the Bank of France could enter the Anglo-American partnership, buying pounds or dollars, importing only gold with prudence, and not disturbing the 'Gold Exchange Standard,' which tends to economize gold reserves in accordance with the recommendations of the Geneva Conference; or, on the other hand, the Bank of France could, without disturbing the others, buy as much gold as it needed to meet the demand for francs.

The latter policy would have been the policy of a second-rate Power, and the former was therefore wisely chosen. The recent communication in which the Bank of France states that it has purchased no gold on the London market testifies to the precautions it has taken. Even the amount of gold that the Bank purchased before that date was very modest, for we cannot consider as a

purchase the restitution of a gold deposit, equivalent to eighteen million pounds sterling, that had been made in the month of April, 1927, when the Bank of France paid back the Bank of England a former loan of 33 million pounds. This gold had never been included in the Bank of England's gold reserve, and had always remained in a separate account.

In the same progressive manner and with the same measured prudence the Bank of France proceeded to purchase gold in America without provoking any protests. It is, however, curious that in London, which imported 32 million pounds in gold in 1927 and exported 28 million pounds' worth of the same metal, many writers looked upon the purchases of the Bank of France as an unfriendly gesture, even though it involved relatively small quantities.

In reality, some of the directing powers in London seem to consider that France is playing the rôle of a trouble-maker in the Anglo-American agreement, which was tending to base all European money on pound and dollar credits rather than on gold. For our part, we cannot consider this conception of international equilibrium as sacred. Furthermore, it would be natural for our financial authorities to keep from troubling the British money market, since we believe that these dealings will have to be carried out in the future by a triple entente, in which France can no longer play a secondary rôle.

We have not seen England buying any francs since early in 1926, when they were offered in large quantities on the exchange market. In 1927 we saw the Bank of France buying pounds when they were offered in still larger quantities. This is excellent, for it is a fine thing to gamble skillfully. Since France can lay her hands on most of the gold in Europe, there is no reason

why she should refuse to consolidate a perfectly clear-cut situation at home and return to convertible paper money. We are in no way responsible if a contradiction exists between the British project of having the Bank of England absorb currency notes and the Bank Act of 1844 that demands a gold covering of one hundred per cent. France is not a little country that is forced to depend on others while she orders her domestic economy as best she may. She ought to play an international rôle.

STEALING TROTSKII'S STUFF³

IN the last few months the Soviet Union has undergone a serious economic crisis. Grain was not delivered during the winter, and the cities suffered. In order to stimulate the peasants to sell their stores, the Soviet Government had the essential products of industry brought to the villages, where the peasants exchanged them for grain. In this way the cities then suffered from a lack of industrial products, which led to a repetition of the conditions that prevailed during the war, when people stood in line to purchase goods. One day it would be meal, and another soap, sugar, or shoes. This crisis has now produced serious political effects, and its development has influenced the whole policy of the Soviet Government.

The real reason for the shortage of goods that causes every crisis in the Soviet Union is the industrializing policy of the Soviet Government, which wants to industrialize the country at the earliest possible moment. To this end it charges very high prices for the products of the national industries, and the peasants, who form the bulk of the purchasers, must pay for these products two or three times as

³ From *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Social-Democratic daily), March 14

much as they cost on the world market, while they can only sell their grain for the average price it would obtain elsewhere. This procedure was adopted to provide the means for building new electrical stations and new factories, and for developing new mines. Meanwhile the State, in order to industrialize itself, must employ the greater portion of its available labor strength in creating new means of production, and is in such a position that only a comparatively small part of its labor can be devoted to filling daily needs. These disproportioned efforts of production have created a new condition in which all too few necessities of life are being produced, and the demand for many goods cannot be filled at all.

Since the peasant only gets the usual price for his grain but has to pay enormously for industrial products, and cannot even buy many that he wants, his inclination is to hoard his grain and not to sell it. There is also anxiety at the prospect of impending war due to Bolshevik agitations after the break with England, which gives the peasants another reason for storing their grain and selling as little as possible.

Last winter the Soviet Government embarked upon a series of administrative measures against the peasants. These measures took two forms, economic and political. On the one hand, the food shortage and the lack of manufactured goods made it necessary for the Government to take measures against the peasants, and, since the peasants did not give up their grain of their own free will, it was taken from them by force. On the other hand, Stalin feared the influence of Trotskii's Opposition. Trotskii's chief criticism of Stalin was that he had not attacked the kulaks, or rich peasants, with sufficient vigor, and that for this reason a form of peasant capitalism was devel-

oping in the villages. Stalin, to be sure, has prevailed over Trotskii, but he fears the influence of Trotskii's line of argument on the masses, and is now trying to show that he is attacking the kulaks energetically. In this way economic and political necessities are conspiring to impel Stalin along a new path.

The Government is also beginning to requisition stores of grain in villages where the peasants have refused to sell it of their own free will. These peasants are being saddled with a heavy burden in the form of a government loan. The Soviet authorities are refusing to pay the peasants money for their grain, but give them notes on this loan instead. An article in the criminal law has also been unearthed that condemns any peasant who hoards grain to long imprisonment and to confiscation of his property. The Government is also taking another course against the kulaks. The agricultural law is to be revised and fewer permissions are to be given to hire labor or to rent land. The committees that deal with village poverty have been revived, and are mobilizing their forces against the kulaks.

This signifies a sharp break with the fundamentals of the Nep, or New Economic Policy that Lenin introduced in 1921. The basis of the Nep was to remove all administrative pressure from the peasants. Grain was not to be requisitioned — it was to be exchanged freely. Force was not to be employed, and the peasants were to be given certain economic advantages in exchange for the delivery of their grain. There is no doubt that this decision of Lenin's was necessary. During the period of war Communism, when the peasants were oppressed, whole masses of them became dangerously hostile to the Soviet Government, and replied to the violent measures of the State by

growing much less grain. The Nep was the first move of the Soviet Government to conciliate the peasants, who as a result grew more produce every year. A pre-war level of agricultural production was attained, and the cities were plentifully supplied with food. But now Stalin is breaking with the fundamentals of the Nep and is returning to the violent methods of war Communism, whose dangers and results forced Lenin to his vital decision of 1921.

Two years ago Bukharin, the theoretician of Stalinism, told the kulaks to enrich themselves. He meant that the more they produced the more food the cities would have, and the more industrial products the country would be able to buy from the State industries. In this way the national revenue would be increased and the Soviet Government would have every reason to encourage the economic development of the kulaks. Now, however, Stalin and Bukharin have executed a complete about-face. They are now turning on the kulaks and attacking them with the same weapons that Trotskii and his friends wished to employ. But why must Stalin triumph over Trotskii? Why must he expel him from the Party and banish him to the Chinese frontier, only to carry out Trotskii's own policy?

So far the new policy has worked well. Under its powerful pressure more grain has been delivered in the last few months, and the shortage of goods in the cities is not so serious. But what further results may be expected? The new policy embitters not only the small group of kulaks, but whole masses of peasants. Already the small peasants, whose harvest was not sufficient to satisfy their own needs for the year, are afraid that they will have to buy grain, but do not see where it will come from if the State is now seizing

what the kulaks have stored up and is taking it to the cities.

One need not be an expert to understand what this means in Russia, where the peasants compose four fifths of the entire population. If the peasants are not allowed to dispose of their grain freely, will they not raise less? The crisis that Russia has gone through this winter was not the cause, but the result, of disproportionate Russian production engendered by the industrializing policy of the Soviet Government. Are not serious economic disorders unavoidable if a government attempts to alter by force the results of certain economic facts without attacking these facts themselves?

The small peasants have no extra grain to give to the cities, and the cities must therefore depend on the kulaks. But will not the cities be endangered if forcible measures are enacted to handicap the very class of peasants on which the cities depend for their food? If Stalin takes Trotskii's course, then he will encounter all the dangers for which he has expelled Trotskii. The Soviet régime can only subsist by means of the *Smitschka*, or peaceful coöperation with the peasants. It must encounter danger if it chooses a path to which the peasants are hostile, a path that prevents that development of peasant production.

A MODERN MIKADO⁴

JAPAN's new Emperor has directed that the private apartments in the Imperial Palace at Tokyo shall be thoroughly Europeanized. His purpose is to simplify Court life and reduce expenses. This radical action by the highest authority in the land has again brought to the fore the most fundamental problem facing the country:

⁴ By Leopold Winkler, in *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), March 4

Shall Japan in the future follow the European mode of living, the Japanese, or a combination of the two?

Heretofore the Imperial Court life has been partly Occidental and partly Oriental. Official functions were celebrated in the European fashion. Members of the Imperial Family never appeared in public in Japanese clothing. But in private life, where they were secluded from outside observation by extensive grounds, high walls, and broad moats, they lived for the most part according to the customs of their ancestors. The present Emperor is the first who has traveled abroad. He has learned European ways in Europe itself. Immediately after his return from his journey around the world he is said to have remarked upon the inconvenience of Japan's hybrid system of living and to have suggested the reform he has just carried out.

A decision of great and universal importance thus faces the nation. The Japanese now live in two worlds. The life of the people has been like the life in the Palace — European on the outside and Japanese on the inside. We have a concrete illustration of this in their architecture. Most big business is housed in American skyscrapers. Scarcely a vestige of old Japan remains in the offices of the great corporations. The private residences of the well-to-do have a European façade facing the street, while they preserve the architecture of old Japan in their gardens. In front you find two or three little rooms with glazed windows, conventional chairs and tables, a piano, and an oil painting or two upon the wall. Behind are charming Japanese apartments, with one or two exquisite works of art, formal flower arrangements, and thick, silk-covered pillows on the floor, from which one looks out on a typical Japanese garden.

A native house lacks many comforts

and conveniences. It originated in the Malay Archipelago or elsewhere in the South Seas, where the climate is tropical. Its matting-covered floor, its movable walls and partitions, its openness to wind and weather, the absence of an adequate method of heating, all betoken the country from which it came. It speaks volumes for the mentality of the Japanese that they should have kept such domiciles virtually unchanged throughout all the centuries since they migrated to their present home. For Japan, even at Tokyo, has four months of winter, and her northern provinces are buried in snow for long periods.

Not only is a typical Japanese house exceedingly uncomfortable in cold weather, but it does not accommodate itself to modern conveniences and sanitation. Its matting floors are ideal lurking places for dust and germs. Experience has shown that reinforced concrete is the only form of construction that will resist earthquake shocks, and that native buildings collapse like houses of cards. Consequently opinion is shifting rapidly in favor of the change which the Emperor has just introduced in his private life.

Western clothing is also being generally adopted. The kimono is in principle the simplest garment one can wear. It is also the most becoming to the Japanese. But it is inconvenient to work in. The long sleeves are constantly in the way. They become entangled in modern machinery. When a person stoops over or walks rapidly, the skirts open wide enough to let in the cold. And Japanese wooden sandals are not suitable for indoor use; they mar the floors. Consequently they must be exchanged for straw sandals or slippers as soon as one enters a building. This is both inconvenient and expensive. As a result most business men, operatives, and mechanics in Japanese cities

to-day wear European clothing, which is even driving out the native garb in the country. I have noticed within the last few years a marked increase in the number of children who are clad in the Western fashion. In Tokyo you rarely see a schoolboy in a kimono.

One compelling reason for this change is that European clothing is cheaper, as well as more convenient. Rather remarkably, too, the Western mode of dress is apparently making the most rapid headway just where every æsthetic argument is against it; for it is becoming the exception to see ladies wearing the native costume on Tokyo's shopping streets.

As yet these changes affect only everyday life. On formal occasions the rustling kimono is still *de rigueur*. This survival is encouraged by a desire to display one's wealth, as well as by native conservatism. A Japanese outfit of good quality costs several times as much as a corresponding European toilette. A Japanese dignitary, whose wardrobe may include an evening suit and smoking jacket, the still indispensable frock coat, and golf togs, and who must also possess all the Japanese garments required for formal and official occasions, finds his clothing bill for himself and his wife a decided drain upon his income.

Japan's incomplete transition from one civilization to another is also evident in her habits of eating. It has become the custom for city workers to have a European luncheon. Tokyo's restaurants provide their midday guests with a Western menu of Japanese design and questionable excellence. But in the morning and evening the people still eat their native bean soup, boiled rice, soya-soaked fish, and pickled turnips. Buddhists were formerly forbidden to eat red meat of any kind. To-day it appears, at least occasionally, on every family table. The adoption of Euro-

pean food is not, however, encouraged, as in the case of clothing, by its cheapness. First-class European restaurants, to be sure, charge less than Japanese restaurants of equal rank, where one must also pay a room charge, but the increasing consumption of meat has added decidedly to domestic budgets. This change seems to be due to the fact that the native fare, with its deficiency of fats and milk, does not give men the energy required for modern life.

At present Japan is one of the most expensive countries in the world. Comforts that in the United States, for instance, are universal and assumed as a matter of course still rank here as luxuries. Every Japanese dreams of owning his own home, but it costs about fifteen hundred dollars to build the simplest kind of four-room house, largely unfinished inside, without any Western comforts, constructed of thin lumber, and never exceeding eight square yards of floor space. Quite recently apartment houses, which in their modern form are an utter novelty in Japan, have begun to appear, several very large ones having been erected in Tokyo and Osaka. But rents are necessarily so high that they do little to relieve the housing crisis.

Where economy is the imperative command of the moment, as it is in Japan, the attempt to combine the native and the Western way of living becomes an intolerable financial burden, and it speaks well for the practical common sense of the new Emperor that he has recognized this fact and, so far as the Court is concerned, has settled it for once and all. But it is doubtful whether the common people will follow their ruler with equal promptness. Although the Western way of living is the more rational, and cheaper in the long run, it takes money to adopt it. Moreover, the æsthetic instincts of the people rebel against the imported ugly-

ness that has been thrust upon them. Adaptable as they are, they possess a reserve of conservatism that is likely to make the change a slow one.

SPANISH ANTIQUES⁵

THE craze for antiques grows year by year. Every season sees additions to the number of shops dealing in them. Nothing that can acquire an air of age escapes attention — pictures, furniture, china, books, and so on without end. Naturally a business of this kind invites falsification. Paris has magnificent antique shops and an army of skillful counterfeiters employed in copying, designing, and manufacturing the articles they sell. An interesting book by Charles Oulmont, entitled *Les Lunettes de l'amateur d'objets d'art*, has recently appeared in that city. It is a charmingly written guide for antique hunters, — popular, unpedantic, and simple, — and describes in great detail the devices and tricks employed by dishonest dealers. Americans buy great quantities of such articles on their trips to Europe and fill their houses with them on their return. They must ask themselves repeatedly, and with many a pang of doubt: 'Is this article for which I paid a fancy price what it purports to be?' The shop where they purchased the picture, the piece of porcelain, the sofa, the book, looked like a reliable place. It had a good reputation, but *quién sabe?* . . .

Oulmont gives a number of tests for avoiding impositions. Everything is imitated, and nothing in the world is easier to fake than an antique. Moreover, the buyers themselves court deception. It takes expert archaeological knowledge to judge whether an article is authentic, or even to recognize

⁵ By Azorin, in *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), April 10

whether it does not contain obvious and intrinsic evidence that it does not belong to the period to which it is ascribed. So buyers puffed up with a little knowledge of elementary facts flatter themselves that they are experts, and even if the dealer did not deceive them they would insist upon deceiving themselves. In other cases they greedily accept the dealer's word in order not to betray their ignorance. 'You will observe,' the former will say, showing a picture, 'that it is indubitably a true Chardin. Note these irrefutable details of his style. Of course any connoisseur will recognize it immediately.' Thereupon the prospective purchaser, to whom the art of the seventeenth century is a blank mystery, nods wise assent, and pays whatever price is asked.

Naturally a real expert has more ways of judging. He can sometimes tell the period of a picture by the thread and weave of the canvas. The painting itself may be a marvelous imitation. Placed side by side with the original, it might be almost impossible to distinguish any difference. But as soon as the connoisseur inspects the weave and condition of the canvas he discovers that the copy is of one or two centuries later date.

Old books form a chapter by themselves. To-day Madrid has six or eight shops that deal exclusively in them. Thirty years ago there were only two or three—possibly not that many. Every old palace and villa, and even warehouses and barracks, have been ransacked for ancient and forgotten volumes. Now the supply is beginning to run low. Vast quantities have been exported. Genuine old books are exceedingly rare. Even ten years ago one could still find early editions of Quevedo, Lope, Góngora, and Garcilaso. To-day they are almost impossible to obtain. Such copies as are

found in the shops are almost invariably defective.

It is exceptional for old books to be faked, but it is quite possible to reproduce by hand a missing page or two, or to manufacture an imitation binding. Such tricks are usually easy to detect, because either the watermark on the paper is wrong, or, if it is absent, the paper's tint and texture will vary from that of the original. Another kind of imitation, however, is somewhat less easy to recognize. I refer to editions printed one or two hundred years ago, closely reproducing editions printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These volumes have acquired the patina of age. They were intended to be imitations. I myself own a copy of Lope de Vega's *Rimas sacras* dated on the title-page 1658, but evidently printed in the eighteenth century. In fact, the falsification of early editions was a regular business about that time.

Then there are books which have been pieced out with pages from other defective volumes. A good collector never despises even a few sheets of a genuine old copy. This may enable him to complete a copy already in his possession or procurable from a dealer. That is not real falsification, but, up to a certain point, a perfectly legitimate proceeding. Nevertheless, apparently identical editions are not invariably the same. For instance, Quevedo's *Fortuna con seso* was printed by Lanaga at Saragossa two times in 1650. Both editions honestly have the same date. The differences between them are almost imperceptible.

Not only collectors, but also dealers, incur peculiar risks; for antiques vary erratically in value. A man may have a fortune tied up in old paintings and art objects, and suddenly discover that by some freak of public taste several of them have shrunk seriously in price. For example, Il Greco was not highly

regarded in 1890, yet his paintings commanded enormous prices in 1910. More recently the demand for them has subsided. What assurance have their owners that these costly treasures will ever command again as much as they paid for them?

YUGOSLAVIA TO-DAY⁶

THE present situation in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is far from satisfactory. The country, which appeared eighteen months ago to be moving toward consolidation at a satisfactory pace, has since then come to a standstill. It has, indeed, been floundering in a bog of petty political crises and recriminations, the end of which is not yet in sight.

The expectation of life of governments in the Balkans is always much shorter than it is in older countries. But even judged by Balkan standards, the political climate of Belgrade has become unusually fatal. During the last twelve months there have been eight or nine changes of government — a fact which in itself answers the question as to whether there has been any political consolidation during the period. The death of the veteran Nikola Pašić in December 1926 has proved to be nearly as serious a loss to the country as the death of a successful dictator usually is. Pašić was not that, dictatorial as his methods often were, but his was emphatically a one-man system. His followers and his opponents alike never ventured to contemplate a Yugoslavia without a Pašić.

Asked by a friend on his eightieth birthday — he died at eighty-two — whether he did not think it was time for him to retire from politics, Pašić replied: 'I am just about to do so. I

⁶ By a Belgrade correspondent, in the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), March 13 and 14

just want to marry off little Peter successfully, and then I shall have finished.' 'Little Peter' is the heir to the throne — Prince Peter, aged six. A few hours before his death, Pašić is said to have been busy distributing posts in the next ministry which he intended forming. Could he have selected and trained a strong leader for this young and inexperienced state, it would have been of greater value.

Proportional representation, as in so many other Continental countries, has been responsible for creating a multitude of small parties. But the root of the trouble is the lack of cohesion even within these parties, once they have been returned to Parliament. Practically speaking, a scramble by individuals for the fruits of office has, in Yugoslavia, taken the place of political contests between a number of groups divided by their theories of government. Not only are there no Liberals or Conservatives in the State — there is not even a Left and Right. Despite the acquisition of industrial centres in Croatia and Slovenia, the population is still overwhelmingly peasant, and there is no room for the development of a party such as, for example, the Liberal Party in Great Britain. Consequently, politics in the Skupshtina have descended to a series of bargains between personalities.

Apart from this petty and hampering bargaining, which is complicated by the desertion from old allegiances and the conclusion of new ones which produce the unending series of crises, there is one definite line of cleavage in the Skupshtina and in the country — the racial line. This, of course, is anything but an advantage to the State. Another new country, Czechoslovakia, is just now congratulating herself on having got rid of it. Yugoslavia resembles Rumania in this, that the real fight is between the new provinces, ac-

quired since the war, and the old kingdom. It is the revolt of the peoples partially 'Westernized' by the influence of Vienna, reaching them either direct or via Budapest, against the unchanging Orient, as typified here by Belgrade, and in Rumania by Bucharest.

In Yugoslavia, unfortunately, the forces of Westernization are divided. The Slovenes are already in the Government, where they hope to buy the concessions and reforms which they cannot obtain by force in opposition. The Croats, on the other hand, are still dancing in and out of the morass of barren obstruction and parliamentary disorder behind that political will-o'-the-wisp, Stefan Radič. There is no one to take his place, and it is inconceivable that the simple Croat peasants would allow anyone else to replace in their affections this super-demagogue. That is a pity, for the political programme of the Croat party is an eminently reasonable one.

In the forefront of their demands stands the 'depoliticization' of the public services. Seldom has a reform been more urgent in any state than is this one in Yugoslavia. 'We have,' a well-qualified observer who stands outside all party politics told me recently, 'at least fifty per cent too many officials. It is not merely that posts are invented for men who henceforth do nothing but clog the machinery of State. Things have got beyond that now, and there are large numbers of Civil Servants who never see their offices for weeks at a time. The entire public services have come to be regarded as existing to enable political leaders to reward their followers for party services, and as a reservoir of "safe" voters. The consequence is that when a group of parties finally loses the reins of government practically the entire Civil Service is changed.

The majority of the ex-Civil Servants then apply their experience to circumventing — and, for moderate fees, teaching the public how to circumvent — taxation and other regulations with which they became familiar when in office.

It is unfortunate that the Croats should be actively represented only by the irrepressible and incalculable Stefan Radič, who demands to-day the secession of Croatia, to-morrow a Soviet republic, the next day a constitutional monarchy, and the next a military dictatorship.

The last was the remedy which he proposed to the King during the recent prolonged crisis which left Yugoslavia without any sort or kind of government for nearly three weeks. He proclaimed that, as the only means of putting an end to political jobbery, the King should instruct one of his generals to form a cabinet, drawing his ministers from the best heads of all political parties. Radič denied that he wished to see a dictatorship, suggesting with some lack of clarity that the man who was thus to save the country should nevertheless abstain from all political activity. Whether he really believed in the efficacy of this extraordinary remedy, or whether he hoped to involve the Court and the Army in the discredit now attaching to politicians of most parties, is not clear. At all events, the Army firmly refused to be mixed up in any way with the politicians, which is satisfactory from every point of view.

What is less satisfactory is that an indication was privately conveyed to the political leaders that, if the services of the Army should be required to run the State, they would find a way of doing so without any kind of association with the politicians. This was a quiet warning of the possibility of a military dictatorship, which neutral

observers are beginning to fear may be attempted as a desperate solution of the eternal squabbles of the politicians.

Economically also the country is passing through a critical period. Like other countries in Southern and Eastern Europe, Yugoslavia has been very hardly hit by the American immigrant quota system. Some areas, such as the Voivoydina, — recovered from Hungary, — are easily able to support the population which is no longer able to emigrate. But on the barren mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina things are extremely serious. Reports speak of seventy thousand persons on the verge of starvation there. The figures may be exaggerated; there is no machinery for checking them. But it is quite certain that last year's drought has made things very serious. The Yugoslav currency is, of course, stable, and the economic possibilities of the land immense. What is needed is that the Administration should cease to concern itself with politics. Colonization of the richer parts of the country and transfer of the surplus Bosnians and Herzegovinians to more fertile districts are quite within the range of practical policy, if any government had a sufficient sense of security to be able to think of such things. If the foreign loan which is so eagerly desired can be raised at a moderate rate of interest, a great deal can be done by employing the peasants on public works. Work on roads and railways is urgently called for, and would result in many inaccessible districts being able to market their products at home and abroad. But a reform of the Administration is certain to be made a condition of any loan.

It is pleasanter to turn to the field of foreign politics. A year ago there was a real danger of war with Italy, who was making charges against Yugoslavia, which have now been proved

never to have had the least foundation. The Italian suggestion that the Yugoslavs were preparing to invade Albania was quite absurd, and gave the impression that Italy herself was trying to force a conflict. To-day it is abundantly clear that neither side desires war. Relations are not good; the press of both countries is constantly stirring up ill-feeling, and hardly a week passes without some minor incident. But I am assured from a very high quarter in Belgrade that Mussolini himself now adopts a distinctly conciliatory attitude. In the Belgrade Foreign Office I am assured that there is every prospect of the Nettuno Conventions being ratified within the next six months. This will certainly satisfy Italy.

The chief provisions of these Conventions allow the establishment of coastal shipping lines by Italy in Yugoslavia, the unrestricted investment of Italian capital in purely Italian undertakings in Yugoslavia, and the immigration of an annual contingent of Italian labor. When Italy remarks that the same rights accrue to Yugoslavia in Italy, the Yugoslavs retort: 'One might as well tell the man in the street that he could engage in a boxing match with Jack Dempsey on equal terms, because the right to hit out was reciprocal.' Unquestionably Yugoslavia sacrifices much by these Conventions, but it is equally unquestionable that M. Ninčić signed them on behalf of his country several years ago, and that Italy has a distinct grievance in that his signature has not yet been honored.

The diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, France, and Germany in Belgrade have done very much toward alleviating the differences between the two countries, and when the secret history of the last twelve months comes to be written it may be found

that they have even prevented the outbreak of hostilities.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY⁷

It is a strange destiny for a social and political power like Fascism to find itself faced with another power that is spiritual in principle and world-wide in extent.

The Italian Government, under the iron rule of the Dictator, has forged not only the political and economic activities of the nation, but its intellectual life as well. Mussolini could not help allowing the Catholic Church in its Italian aspect to enter into the sphere of his conceptions, and he hoped that one day or another it would give him the support of its immense prestige.

But on the other side of the Tiber he was confronted by a Pope who may not be as subtle a diplomat as Leo XIII or as rigorous a follower of apostolic practices as Pius X, but who, in any case, has not yielded an inch of his authority. And the symbol of his unrelenting attitude has been the persisting aid of Cardinal Gasparri, whose departure has been rumored twenty times over.

Ever since the first days of his rule, the Dictator has realized that the Holy See would be a much more serious problem than parliaments, syndicates, or political parties. He has labored long and assiduously for conciliation and sympathy. His trump card has always been to give religious practices an important place in the Fascist catechism and to crush Freemasonry. As a shepherd of human souls the Pontiff has rejoiced in this attitude, and for some time courteous relations have prevailed. But as time went on Mussolini's ambition moved him to try to harmonize all Italian institutions and to regulate all the conflicts within

⁷ By Jules Sauerwein, in *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), March 29

the Fascist State. For this reason he attacked the problems of the Church and he dreamed of terminating the conflict that has been going on for fifty-seven years between the two Roman sovereigns. Certain Fascisti made discreet contacts with specially designated prelates, and when I was investigating conditions in Rome three months ago one of these prelates was kind enough to explain these negotiations to me as follows.

'We are not thinking,' he told me, 'of regaining for the Pope a form of temporal power based on territory. He has no ambition to possess any part of Rome. Still less does he think of an outlet on the sea that would give him access to hypothetical ships. Such a scheme is entirely impractical. What he asks is to have two or three little villages behind the Vatican Gardens so that he will be legally able to become once more a temporal sovereign with subjects of his own — like the Republic of Saint-Marin. Even if there are only a few dozen of these subjects, it makes no difference. He would be satisfied if a bit of ground, besides the apostolic palaces, were recognized as the State of the Church. In this way he would be able to leave the Vatican for great ceremonies and for special solemn occasions and could meet the King of Italy and receive him.'

These exigencies, even when reduced to a minimum and made to conform in every way to the tradition of the Holy See, were disapproved by the Grand Council of Fascism. 'There can be no question,' proclaimed the Fascist organ, 'of restoring any of the power that the Pope once exercised over Roman territory.' But this was really not the question at all. It was more a matter of preserving a precious fiction for its symbolic value.

These unsuccessful negotiations left a certain bitterness behind. Some

days ago the *Osservatore Romano* printed a notice urging Italian bishops to maintain absolute neutrality in regard to politics and to refrain equally from helping or combating Fascism.

Monsignor Seipel's speech to the National Council at Vienna produced an irritating effect at Rome, and was attributed to the influence of Cardinal Gasparri. Orthodox Fascist newspapers like *Tevere* have pretended that the latter inspired the actual wording, and that in his private conversations he has made no bones about accusing the militant Fascisti of outrages of every kind. Far from allowing himself to be intimidated by such allegations, the Cardinal soon afterward arranged a papal audience for Monsignor Piffli, the Austrian cardinal.

The public was told the gist of what the Pontiff had said. When the Austrian prelate complained that the Pope had not intervened and protected the right of the priests to give religious instruction in German, the Pope replied that his intervention would have been useless. The Fascist newspapers promptly hailed this as an indirect attack or an accusation of tyranny.

But now we learn from Rome that Pius XI has spoken again, clearly and gravely, and with different import. He has officially blamed the attitude of the National Centrists—in other words, of the Catholics, who have openly rallied to the support of the Fascist Government. During the last session of Parliament this group occupied itself with the Roman question and vowed to obtain legal consecration for the desire for a peaceful settlement between the State and the Holy See that animates the hearts of so many Italians. At the close of the session a motion was passed expressing the devotion of the Parliament to the Pontiff and to Signor Mussolini. The Pope has declared that this attitude pained him.

He condemned 'the plan that tended to monopolize the education of youth, not only physically, but morally and spiritually,' and in phrases that recalled the language used against the *Action Française* he complained of the 'intemperateness of nationalism.'

This attitude presages a severe struggle whose consequences no one can foresee. It is evident that Cardinal Gasparri's policy consists of maintain-

ing strictly the universal character of the Church, of keeping on good terms with countries like France and Germany that have renewed diplomatic relations, of encouraging peaceful enterprises, and of avoiding everything that might lead people to believe that the Holy See has become an instrument in the hands of an all-powerful dictator. It will not be long before these powers are locked in open conflict.

CONVERSATIONS WITH EUGÉNIE¹

BY HENRY BORDEAUX

EMPERESS EUGÉNIE died while traveling in Spain, on the first of July, 1920, at the age of ninety-five. Her mind was intact, and she had survived the fall of the Empire by fifty years. Imagine if Marie Antoinette had lived until 1850. Her reminiscences would have preceded those of M. Lenôtre, and would have illuminated the Revolution as much as M. Lenôtre illuminates it to-day. The Empress Eugénie, however, left no memoirs; she only talked. But she talked with a vivacity that age in no way impaired. People pretended that she was stupid and that her limited intelligence was confined to frivolous matters, but in point of fact she remained to the end of her days an eager and attentive student of international politics, which she always regarded from the purely French point of view.

Destiny had overwhelmed her so completely that she was untouched by many things that affect other peo-

ple — the influence of places, memories of former times, and the thousand and one insignificant details to which we ordinarily attach ourselves. When she passed through Paris on her way to her English residence at Farnborough, or to the Riviera, where she spent her winters, she was free to stay at the Hôtel Continental, opposite the Tuileries, where she had known the triumphs of sovereignty and beauty, and whence she had departed in a fiacre — as Louis Philippe did in 1848 — to take refuge with the American dentist, Dr. Evans, who took her to Deauville; where she embarked for the Isle of Wight. All the palaces she had inhabited had been burned — the Tuileries, Saint-Cloud, and even her pavilion at Biarritz. She could distribute her material souvenirs to various museums without the least regret.

Hence the accusation of insensibility leveled by people who never have lived through hours of pride and then of sorrow, and who therefore can never imagine how deeply she was wounded

¹ From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), March 17

beneath her air of apparent detachment. Furthermore, how can any beautiful woman be expected to reconcile herself to fate and not aspire to some other destiny? In fact, has not Marie Antoinette been unjustly reproached in the same way? There has been a tendency to think of the Empress Eugénie as only participating in festivals and exercising an awkward and purely sentimental influence on the Emperor. We have never admitted that she was sufficiently educated to understand the higher reaches of politics and the necessities of France, although reality proves that she was; and evidence has now been given to us, long after her fall, showing that she remained to the end preoccupied with everything that vitally involved France. She would even warn our Government of budding intrigues that she was able to surprise in the course of her visits to foreign courts. She passionately followed our ups and downs, and, though abandoned and distressed, took keen pleasure in the return of Alsace and Lorraine.

This Spanish woman of obscure birth remained to the end of her days an exiled sovereign, and it is in this character that she is presented to us in the *Entretiens de l'impératrice Eugénie*, by Maurice Paléologue, the historian of Cavour and of the Russian Revolution. The author has been good enough to show me in advance the entire manuscript of his book, which is now appearing serially in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To immerse myself once more in the atmosphere of the Second Empire, I merely had to recall the stories told me in my childhood by two or three old ladies who used to attend the Imperial Court. The most majestic and the best preserved of these was a certain Mme. B——, who spent last summer in a château near my native city on the shores of Lake Leman. She still had the triumphant bearing,

the upright figure, the forceful serenity, and the plentiful charms, reminiscent of a Rubens picture, that she possessed in her resplendent youth. She had never been sick, and could not easily explain all the illnesses that afflicted the modern young ladies. She commanded her nerves and muscles as a colonel commands his regiment, and even in her old age she dyed her hair red.

She was a goddaughter of Chateaubriand, whom she presented to me in an unfamiliar light, recalling the way he ran under the table on all fours when he played with her as a little girl. And it was a pitiless little girl, too, for Mme. B——, in recalling this bygone incident, remarked: 'I remember how his old knees creaked.' Unquestionably she was the only woman who ever saw Chateaubriand at her feet; but she attached no special interest to the fact.

She also recalled with ever-fresh enthusiasm the *tableaux vivants* of the Second Empire and the costume balls in the Tuileries. The last of these took place during the carnival the year before the Franco-Prussian War. The Empress appeared as Marie Antoinette, modeling herself on Mme. Vigée-Lebrun's portrait. Eugénie made a cult of the unhappy queen, and always wanted to imitate her, not suspecting that she too was headed for revolution.

Mme. B—— never wearied talking about Napoleon the Third's brilliant period, but she did not like to discuss disasters, for they were foreign to her nature and to her healthy personality. She was made for happiness, and this gift followed her even through the misfortunes that she supported so magnificently, without ever boring anyone with the least complaint.

The conversation of old people is the best way of evoking the past. What they realize is not that time is a

small affair, but, on the contrary, that life is infinitely important, since it permits us to understand a series of events, of personages, and even of epochs. A certain M. de Freycinet, Marquis de Vogüé, put me in touch with the very beginnings of the Second Empire, leading me back to the July Monarchy. M. de Freycinet was a prodigiously old man, quite dried up and lacking in warmth. His face already possessed the transparency of death seen by candlelight, and resembled those autumn leaves that lie motionless under the trees only because there is no wind.

His furthest memory stretched back to 1830, and since he was two years old at the time this is not incredible. His father was a high officer whose duty it was to substitute the tricolor for the white flags at the time of the Revolution. Even so small a child as his son was at the time might well have been struck by such a contrast in color. In any case, having seen so many things, he spoke of everything with an air of detachment; even skepticism. The Empress, on the other hand, was never detached from the Empire; everything that involved the Imperial régime affected her deeply, and her faithfulness increased with the years.

One December day in the winter after the war I was stopped by a little crowd under the arcades of the rue de Rivoli. A group of people with bared and lowered heads were bowing respectfully to an old lady who was getting out of a carriage and entering the Hôtel Continental. 'Who is she?' I asked. 'The Empress Eugénie,' someone told me, and she had passed me by before I had time to get an impression of her. I only recall a shadow of black, slightly bent, a diaphanous, ivory-colored face, and a slow, shuffling walk. It was the woman whose elegant portraits by her favorite painter,

Winterhalter, I knew so well — especially the one with her sloping shoulders, her Dianalike bearing, and her dazzling brilliance. Detained in the world of the living, she seemed like one who had returned from the past.

She lived long enough to have the last word, which the Great War pronounced. There is no more moving conversation recorded in any part of M. Paléologue's book than the one which took place on the fifth of December, 1919. The old lady, who had lost none of her intelligence or sensibility, had not seen the ambassador for almost six years, and what an interval it was from 1914 to 1919. She greeted him with these words: —

'To-day I understand why God has made me live so long. My dear friend Queen Victoria, who possessed absolute confidence in divine justice and goodness, often said to me: "What we do not understand now we shall understand later in this life or in another, but we shall certainly not lack an explanation." God has been good enough to give me this explanation while I can still enjoy it here below. I shall therefore have the supreme consolation of seeing France reëstablished in her national integrity, and I shall also have the consolation of being able to say to myself that those who died for us in 1870, the heroes of Weissenburg, Forbach, Freschviller, Reichshoffen, Rezonville, and Gravelotte, have at least been repaid for their sacrifice.'

'The trembling of her hands,' remarks M. Paléologue, 'her sunken chest, the weakness of her voice, stopped her for a second, but, rallying her forces, she concluded with moving solemnity: "In the liturgy for those dying in agony there is a prayer that I have meditated upon often, the prayer that is recited at the last instant of life — *Proficiscere de hoc mundo, anima*

christiana (Quit this world, Christian soul, depart from your body). Well, when the priest shall pronounce these sublime words over me my soul will obey him full of gratitude and serenity.”

She followed the war in all its phases. She was afraid when it began, and she was afraid before the Marne. After the Marne she breathed more easily. She exulted in our alliances, she admired our patience, endurance, and determination in the face of the enemy. In a word, she lived out the whole national drama. But what struck her most of all was the sacred union, the party truce that permitted victory. Why was there a sacred union in 1914 and not in 1870? Why in 1870 was there that explosion of hatred against the Empire, a manifestation that prevented prolonging the fight and negotiating the treaty? Is she not right in complaining to M. Paléologue: ‘Why did not the same union rally around the Emperor and myself after our first disasters? Why were the public passions unloosed on us after Freschviller and Forbach when they were so well contained after Charleroi? And, finally, why did no one give ear to me on the fourth of September when I begged the people to call a truce to internal quarrels and to devoted themselves only to France?’

I cannot resist following this quotation with a conversation that was related to me in the offices of the *Gaulois* by Count Fleury, whose own father, the general, had described the incident to him. It occurred at the obsequies of Napoleon III, at Chislehurst, near London. The supporters of the Empire had crossed the Channel for the occasion, and one of them conceived the pious idea of bringing a little French soil from the Tuileries. When the Imperial Prince, who was still a young man, marched ahead of them at the funeral procession he was

acclaimed. He stopped the salutations with a gesture, announcing: ‘Do not shout *Vive l'empereur*, but *Vive la France*.’ Why on the fourth of September did they shout *Vive la République*, instead of *Vive la France*? Was not the Empress right in raising the question?

In the conversations M. Paléologue reports, she always glides rapidly over the happy years and over that brilliant epoch that still dazzles the eyes of those who saw it. Unhappiness marked her for its own. And she did not shun it; she wore her mourning courageously — her mourning for the Emperor, for the Imperial Prince killed among the Zulus, and for her régime. An exiled sovereign, a widow, and an afflicted mother survived the triumphant woman of Compiègne and the Tuileries. Her allusions to this fairyland past are rare, and presently they disappear entirely. She seems to have been haunted by the war of 1870. Her accusers pretended that she wanted this war, that it was *her war*. But she never pronounced that sacrilegious word; never did she urge the Emperor to take that path.

Her war! We know to-day that it was Bismarck’s war, and we know how artfully and perfidiously he prepared it. The falsification of the dispatch from Ems proves this. And fate plays its part in events, too. Undoubtedly the Imperial Government was blinded either by our military forces or by our diplomatic influences, and was therefore unable to maintain a calmness and coolness in the course of its negotiations that might perhaps have avoided the catastrophe.

One of the last survivors of the Italian campaign, General Borson, who died in the full possession of his faculties at the age of ninety-three, and who served in the Sardinian Army before entering the French Army after

the annexation of Savoy in 1860, assured me on more than one occasion that the all-too-easy victories of Magenta and Solferino had much to do with our defeats of 1870, since they prevented our making sufficient military reforms. This man saw our troops arrive in Italy in a state of disorder that made a very unpleasant impression upon him. But all went well, as it did in the Crimea, and no one gave sufficient heed to the clear-sighted Maréchal Niel. When war was declared on Prussia it was assumed in good faith that peace would soon be concluded in Berlin. The Court and Paris both shared the same illusions; the Emperor less so. In her conversations the Empress reveals this fact, and reports the same serious state of disorder from the very beginning of the campaign, and even after the Emperor's arrival at Metz. Furthermore, he was sick at the time, and should never have taken command of all the troops.

We must follow in these conversations the Empress's reactions to the incessant stream of bad news that kept assailing her. There was the dramatic night of the sixth of August after Forbach, the fall of the Ollivier ministry and the rapid formation of the Palikao ministry, and the opposition to the return of the Emperor to Paris for fear of popular disturbances. This opposition had a good deal to do with the march on Sedan and the nervous crisis that followed the capitulation at Sedan, as well as the revolutionary episodes and the flight from the Tuileries. All this is retraced — and not from a distance, with historical dryness, but impetuously, vehemently, as if it had happened yesterday and as if one were living through the whole drama once more.

What emerges from these piously collected, still-warm conversations is the misunderstood personality of the

Empress. She never wearied of being French. She was French on the throne, — ardently, often awkwardly perhaps, but always with loving conviction, — she was French when she descended from the throne, and she remained French during the half-century of life that was left her. Our politics never failed to interest her, and she would scour the horizon of Europe searching for anything that might be favorable or unfavorable to us.

At Rome she was not received at the Vatican because she paid a visit to the Quirinal. At once she thought of President Loubet's prospective voyage to Italy. A similar adventure awaited him. Would a break with the Vatican occur? This must be avoided. And she at once advised our Government. In Spain she sought out friendships for us. In Vienna she studied the important influence of the German alliance on Francis Joseph, who lavished a wealth of attention upon her and who told her his private secrets — even about the drama at Meyerling, where Archduke Rudolph killed Mlle. Vetsera and then committed suicide because the Emperor was demanding a break and Rudolph's mistress had just told him that she was going to have a child. But the Emperor never told her his diplomatic secrets.

While cruising off the coast of Norway she had to undergo a visit from William II, whose yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, had anchored in the Bergen fiord beside her own yacht, the *Thistle*. 'This visit,' she said, 'which lasted until afternoon, left an odious impression upon me. The Kaiser spoke of France at length. "I assure you," he told me, "that I am animated by the best intentions toward her. I should like to have an understanding with her, to ally myself with her, to carry out vast policies in conjunction with her. But it is impossible. The French do

not understand me. They have taken a dislike to me. Often, for instance, I have made them aware of my desire to go to Paris — but no, they do not wish to see me." I did not hesitate to reply that in order to gain the sympathy of the French he must pursue different methods, and that Tangier was certainly not the way to Paris.'

Later on she adds: 'But what he said to me about France was not the most distressing part of our conversation. It was what he said about England. How he hates it. For more than twenty minutes he inveighed against it, and especially against King Edward, whom he charged with every crime.' She has not forgotten William I and the

disaster of 1870. Did this new William, with his bragging and bullheadedness, represent an equal danger to France? She at least experienced the joy of living to see the day of her revenge.

Let us love this portrait of the Empress Eugénie that she herself has painted. Let us love it for that thoroughly French heart of hers that could not be shaken of its affection by all the hatred unleashed against the Empire. Let us love her for that intelligence of hers that resisted the attacks of old age, remaining superior to rancor and resentment, turning itself ever toward our hopes. And let us no longer look on her, as we have too often done, as the evil genius of Napoleon III.

UNIQUE AMERICA¹

BY A 'TIMES' CORRESPONDENT

ANGLO-AMERICAN relations are admittedly among the most delicate and important of international problems. Unfortunately they are peculiarly subject to that sort of generalization which ends in a headline, generalizations that owe their impetus to constant reiteration and, rarely examined, are never revised.

An enterprising Baedeker would do an enormous service to international relations if he would publish a series of short textbooks containing collections of phrases to be avoided by the visiting foreigner. 'Hands across the sea,' and 'Blood is thicker than water,' would head the list for Englishmen visiting the United States. Blood is only

thicker than water when it can be recognized as blood, and even then it tends to give you family recriminations without a family. A great deal of varied blood has flowed into the veins of America since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, changing and enriching the American character, and the United States to-day presents in many ways a stranger and more foreign scene than any we can find in those countries which share our common European civilization.

Apart from the inane clichés of spurious fellowship, there are two other factors, small in themselves, which nevertheless constitute important obstacles to Anglo-American understanding — the so-called common language and the horde of English lecturers.

¹ From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), March 13 and 16

The United States is not an English-speaking country. Why should she be? What nation worthy of her salt would not have evolved a language of her own? Even the same word used in two different continents will have a different echo, evoke a different image, derive from some different association of ideas. It is, in fact, when words ostensibly the same are being used by Englishmen and Americans that misunderstanding is most subtle and far-reaching. We can all grasp the language of an American crook play, because the words are altogether strange and have therefore been translated and explained to us. Who is going to bother to explain or even try to understand the subtly different meanings attached to familiar everyday expressions? Yet 'Fan' and 'Sugar-baby,' 'Hi-jacker' and 'Speak-easy,' are not the expressions we most need to understand if some contact is to be established between England and America. American and English, untranslatable and untranslated, remain mutually misleading, a malignant squint that can never be righted.

To come to the English lecturer: I am not saying a word against the many eminent persons who have left light and enlightenment in their wake; but intimacy and understanding are not the fruits of elaborate organization, but of some casual contact that suddenly flickers into sympathy.

An Englishman visiting the United States invariably 'tours the country.' The principal cities are visited. Hospitality is accepted. The Americans are told what Europe is like, and what America is like, and what literature is like, and what crowned heads are like; then the lecturer returns home consciously blessed in having given more than he has received, and we are told of the beauties of New York Harbor and of the amazing drunk-

enness consequent upon Prohibition.

Now this same Englishman in Italy or Spain or France will be sniffing the aroma of the country, breathing in its character, saturating himself in a strange and alien loveliness. He will not spend his time instructing the peasants, but in conversation with them.

I am not for a moment laying the whole blame on the unfortunate lecturer. Americans want to be told what they are like, what we are like, what anything is like. They are prepared to pay fantastic sums to listen to any sort of information on any sort of subject.

In a sense the only representative of any country is an individual whom you have liked. You will probably learn more about a whole nation from one intimate friendship with one unimportant person than you will ever gain from a conscientious attempt to listen to the views and study the opinions of eminent and 'representative' men. When Mr. 'Bobby' Jones became the hero of the St. Andrews caddie a link was forged which the English-Speaking Union and the Pilgrims may well envy but can never hope to emulate. And when a vast American crowd longed to see Dempsey defeated by Carpentier, a flower bloomed which could never have grown in the bed of any protocol.

We are always told that America is a very young country; but America does not represent childhood so much as the skipping of certain stages of development, and for that reason we cannot count on any foreseeable advance in maturity, for America is more likely to jump than to progress. I believe that from our European point of view the United States of seventy years ago was far more mature than the United States of to-day.

For to us who have never been confronted by the problem of a vast and

rapid material expansion and the necessity of welding into cohesion a population of mixed races, standardization has never become standard, and, though some corporate efficiency may represent progress, the individual will ever remain the delegate of civilization.

Seventy years ago America was the home of sturdy individualists and hardy pioneers, but now a curious herd instinct has arisen that derives not from danger but from hurry. Intimacy has been superseded by good fellowship, friendship by friendliness. Rotarians and Elks bring men together, saving the time that would be needed if man were to seek man. The waste and the worry, the fumbling and the frustration, that constitute the fabric of individual communion have been eliminated. If you stand out, you are letting down your neighbor.

There is, I think, no greater mistake than to imagine that Americans are peculiarly devoted to money. I know no country where generosity is more universal or stinginess so little known. Nor is this a question of lavish display. It is a fundamental sharing instinct which is the most charming, as it is also the most universal, American characteristic. We think that the United States is money-grabbing because we are so sadly in need of money; but the United States booms her own prosperity because, in a way that Europe can hardly realize, she is pathetically in need of reassurance. The average American shouts with the boastfulness of insecurity. His clinging to material certainties is not so much a love of the material as a longing for some kind of certainty. Money is not money; it is a pillar which may support some edifice. The late German Ambassador Herr Wiedfeld once said to me, 'In other countries paths are trodden into the countryside by the feet of the people; here the roads pre-

cede the inhabitants.' American enterprise consists rather in creating a demand than in creating a supply. It is this combination of liveried psychological uniformity with fantastic commercial gymnastics that needs to be carefully examined behind the cover of threadbare platitudes and of muffled exasperation.

A correspondent writing in the *Times* on Anglo-American relations deplored the fact that, the United States not being a member of the League of Nations, opportunities for meetings between American and European statesmen are practically nonexistent.

It is undoubtedly of the greatest benefit to international relations that M. Briand, Herr Stresemann, and Sir Austen Chamberlain should be able to meet automatically, and therefore casually, brought together not by any specific crisis but in the ordinary course of routine. It is highly desirable that Foreign Ministers should be able to meet neither in the limelight of tension nor in the twilight of official interchanges of hospitality.

But in applying this generalization to the United States it is important to remember that the American Constitution has endowed American cabinet ministers with an enforced impotence. They are chosen personally by the President, and do not represent in any sense the House of Representatives or the Senate, nor, as they do not sit on the floor of either, have they opportunities of swaying or even of getting into direct touch with Congress. Cabinet officers receive Senators and Congressmen, but there is an unwritten law of enmity between them — the instinctive and jealous protection, on the one side of undefined, and on the other of overdefined, powers.

Nor can a president with the largest majority in the world behind him give any guaranty that his wishes will be

respected by Congress. An agreement arrived at by 'representatives' of the Government of the United States, therefore, is to them contingent, whereas to the other party it is absolute. This one-sidedness must necessarily take some of the zest out of negotiation, since what on the one hand is a final settlement is on the other nothing but a playing card.

The average American regards politics in much the same way as an average Englishman would regard a music-hall joke about mothers-in-law. Senators and Congressmen are referred to with the sort of standard jocularly that is accorded to henpecked husbands or chinless curates. Muzzle the Senate and shut up Congress, and then we shall be able to get on with our business, is the view of the great majority.

This is naturally not an atmosphere encouraging to incipient statesmen, and the able and disinterested men who have devoted their lives to the service of the State have been still further numbed and muffled by the wave of prosperity which is sweeping over the country. Ideas and ideals, probings and searchings, seem not only inconvenient but unnecessary when wages are high, Mr. Ford has delivered the horizon, and the hire-purchase system has disfranchised longing.

The very size of the United States has tended to localize problems and reduce them to a small scale. Roosevelt, Wilson; the Bryan of older days, loomed too large. What more does a man want than to be 'a regular fellow'? There is something a little irregular in not being just like your neighbor.

Harding, with his amiable character, his open and empty mind, his genial preference for the associates of less glorious days, was the ideal representative of the electorate that elected him. Then the scandals came, and — ever obliging to his friends — he died. The oil scandal, the Veterans Bureau scan-

dal, the alien property scandal — they were all too big to catch the attention of the public; they were in fact too bad to be true. It is the small things that move people, for we see life in the terms of our own lives. It is easier to cry over a child that has lost a dog than over an earthquake. Too many dollars had been embezzled, too many persons had been implicated, too much villainy had been unearthed. The public remained indifferent, and the State lost its chance of becoming 'first page' news.

Politicians remained, what they had always been, busybodies or cranks. When members of the Ku Klux Klan and the Anti-Saloon League were proved to be corrupt some chuckled and others shrugged. The power of the Klan was waning, and though Prohibition had killed conversation it had certainly not stopped drink. There was still enough crime to provide honest citizens with daily literature, and wheat had remained Republican. So why worry about politics?

This is, I think, a fair summing-up of the state of mind of the United States during Mr. Coolidge's second term of office. And though Big Navy men and pacifists may talk noisily, while the Democrats try to make capital out of unemployment, it is doubtful whether that state of mind is very different to-day.

If we are to get into touch with America it is important that we should analyze her reactions to her own problems rather than her reaction to ours. The American Constitution, surely the most inelastic in the world; has made it very difficult for the United States to be moulded by experience or to go back on error. What has once been done tends to be perpetuated. In no country is the middle of the road so inaccessible. Prohibition is a very good case in point. When it was introduced — and

this is not the place to go into the means or the levers employed — a large number of moderate-minded people voted for it in order to abolish the iniquities of the saloon. The saloon has been abolished, and the same moderate people would certainly now vote for its repeal in order to try to stop the lawlessness, drunkenness, drug-taking, and general demoralization that have ensued. But this purpose can easily be defeated, owing to the cumbersome machinery by which alone a constitutional amendment can be repealed, by the combined votes of fanatics and bootleggers.

No presidential candidate dare come out on the subject, and the moderate man is more or less content to allow the matter to lapse into a semiaccepted nonobservance. But if this view of the law is allowed in one case, why not in another? Contrary to the sanctimonious Nordic view, lawlessness in America is, I am convinced, to be laid less at the door of the foreign immigrant than of the rabid reformer. For as soon as a number of acts that no sane man thinks wrong are labeled criminal the law falls into disrepute, for it has become not a protection but an irritant.

Partly on account of the high standard of living, and partly because so few of her citizens regard politics as a vital and relevant concern of their own, politically the United States is the most reactionary nation in the world. Hamilton and Jefferson are regarded as almost the sole authorities on the problems of to-day. What Washington would have thought about something that he could not possibly have thought about is considered to be of vital importance. At almost any American banquet the speaker appears as some

sort of inverted ventriloquist — for it is he, the living man, through whose mouth the doll of Hamilton or Jefferson is speaking. Over a hundred years ago the American Constitution was the *dernier cri* of advanced thought. What, we wonder, would its founders think if more than a hundred years later they found that the United States of to-day accepted it as a last word?

A very intelligent American and a very dear friend complained to me once, 'When you talk of Italy you do not mean Fascism, and when you talk of Russia you do not mean Bolshevism, but when you talk about Americanism you always mean the aspects of America that both you and I like least.' I knew that what he said was largely true. But Dante and Michelangelo, Pushkin and Moussorgsky, Lorenzo de Medici and Peter the Great — of these and of how many other figures is not the fabric of the words Italian and Russian woven? No such beacons from America lit our schoolrooms, for, in spite of the infinite greatness of Lincoln and the pure romance of Lee, the great Americans of the nineteenth century were national rather than world heroes. Nor is the nineteenth century the century which fires a child's imagination, and it is in childhood that our most vivid impressions are formed, that our deepest associations are stored.

My friend was right. When we say Americanism we mean a point of view about life that is new and alien to us, and we tend to harp on what is most new and most alien. But we cannot shut the door on a new age; all that we can do is to try to understand, to try to appreciate, and above all not to excommunicate and not to condemn what we are hardly able to see.

THE INVENTOR OF THE AUTOMOBILE¹

BY FRANCIS DELAISI

LAST week, between two murder stories, the press announced that a bust of Fernand Forest had just been unveiled. A brief dispatch explained that he had invented the internal-combustion engine, and that he had died during one of his experiments, leaving two children but no money. All this was quite true, and his name has again fallen into neglect. The public has no idea that this obscure hero is responsible for one of the greatest revolutions in the history of the world, since it is to him that we owe the automobile, the submarine, and the airplane.

Unfortunately, Fernand Forest never went to one of the big universities, and never engaged in big business. For that reason scholars have ignored him and industrialists have despoiled him. Even the working class scarcely knows the name of the most gifted and noble of its sons. If our modern civilization, the offspring of science and technique, had the least conception of what grandeur means, Forest's bust would be standing to-day at the entrance of every big factory that his genius produced, and his biography would be in the hands of all our pupils. But since our European democracies have acquired no new hierarchy of values since the bourgeois conceptions ushered in under Louis Philippe, I should like to describe the noble, simple life of Fernand Forest, workman and inventor.

It was Forest's glory that he remained an artisan all his life. Born at Clermont-Ferrand at the beginning of the Second Empire, he left the primary school, where he had learned a few elements of geometry, at the age of fourteen. Beginning as a cutler's apprentice, he was soon attracted toward mechanical matters, and departed from Clermont-Ferrand to become a mechanic. Going to Paris in 1871, at the age of twenty, he first worked in the Cail factories, and then in the Thomasset establishment, where his skill in repairing machinery that nobody else could fix caused him to be made a foreman at twenty-two. But this specialized factory labor where each worker performs the same task every day did not suit his ever-alert spirit.

In 1873 he left Paris on a bicycle with wooden wheels and iron tires that he had made himself, and set forth on a tour of France. What joyous and fruitful years these were. Going from Orléans to Tours, from Saumur to Havre, from Caen to Montluçon, he saw every aspect of life, from the modest country tool shop to the big factory. He repaired all kinds of machinery, from threshing machines to sewing machines, from little ovens to blast furnaces.

But to repair a machine one must understand it — and one must also make a living. In this way a mass of observations accumulated in the young workman's head, and he acquired an almost universal experience. It is

¹ From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), March 24

this fact that explains the extraordinary simplicity that later characterized his technique and genius. In 1874 the provinces had nothing more to teach him, and he returned to Paris. The first velocipedes were just appearing, and Forest invented one with pedals. He and the Renard brothers conceived the suspended wire wheel that later became so successful, and with these two brothers he established the first cycle factory in Paris.

Originally attracted by electricity, whose prodigious future he divined, he presently turned his attention toward the explosive engine.

Forest did not invent this engine, and his modesty suffered when a number of well-intentioned publicists attributed this glory to him. Lenoir, in 1860, was the first man who made illuminating gas explode by means of a spark. In 1862 Beau de Rochas conceived of the marvelous device by which carbureted air was first inhaled, then compressed, and not exploded until after its compression, which gave it great additional force.

The advantage of these devices was that they could be set in motion instantly, without waiting for the steam in a boiler to develop pressure, and they were therefore extremely useful in industries that only needed motive force at intervals. But they were very heavy, — Lenoir's motor weighed five hundred kilogrammes per horsepower, — and they were cumbrous and expensive to run. Furthermore, they could not be detached from the gas tank that fed them. This umbilical cord would have to be cut in order to give the motor independence, and this was the problem Forest attacked.

Otto's apparatus that realized Beau de Rochas's four-cycle engine which exploded compressed gas was a revelation to him. He understood what marvelous power these little cylinders

might generate, and he resolved to create an equally strong rival possessing greater suppleness and lightness than the steam engine which was then in vogue. From that time forth this was the goal of his efforts, this was his life work. 'It was, furthermore, a propitious moment,' wrote Forest himself. 'There was no treatise on the subject, no established theory. Everything was fancy and caprice. Were not all forms and all movements permitted to us? We said to ourselves: "Lenoir adapted the classic form of the steam engine. Our work is to develop such bizarre, novel devices as more intense heating and cheaper fueling. Our task is the new kinetics."'

Forest conceived of and constructed the first practical carburetor. The gasoline entered it by means of a gauge that the gasoline itself maintained at a constant level. Then when the air penetrated it, it was charged with carbon vapor, and when it was later compressed in the cylinder a small spark caused an explosion that drove the piston and set the machine in motion.

But the air had to be heated in order to be saturated with the gasoline vapor. Never mind, the explosion released such an enormous quantity of heat that it threatened to split the cylinder. Forest therefore decided to have water circulate between the cylinder and the carburetor, taking heat from the motor, which was already too hot, to the carburetor, which needed it. Thus the invention manufactured its own gas, it was independent, and it could embark on the conquest of space.

Nevertheless, the explosion in the cylinder was brutal and intermittent. It impelled the piston violently, and when the piston returned to its point of departure the propelling force stopped. How was continuous action to be obtained?

For a long time Forest devoted himself to fruitless experiments. For he had never studied physics; he did not know the laws of chemical reaction; nor did he understand what governed the dilations and compressions of gases. He finally tried to understand what was going on inside the cylinder by making experiments in a thick glass tube, and nearly killed himself, without seeing anything. At this time he left his little workshop on the Quai de la Râpée and attended evening courses at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, where he patiently investigated books on physics and chemistry. In this way he acquired almost single-handed the scientific knowledge that was indispensable to him; for if theoretic culture makes a scholar, and technical ability a good worker, it is the rare blend of theoretical knowledge and technical experience that makes an inventor.

Informed of the laws that governed gases, Forest returned to his experiments. In this way he constructed the admirable four-cylinder motor that is to-day the soul of the automobile industry and that is based on the complementary play of pistons that compress the gasoline vapor, the explosion being caused by an electric spark.

Being independent of a gas house, our inventor purchased the hull of an old steel ship. In it he placed his carburetor and motor, and in 1885 the first gasoline boat after Lenoir's was launched on the Seine. Thus the first automobile apparatus was not a wagon, as people ordinarily believe, but a ship. The motors were still heavy, they got hot quickly, and the river provided the water to keep them cool. That is why Forest first turned his energies toward navigation.

In the meantime, M. Gallice, a rich engineer who was interested in inventions, associated himself with Forest,

and soon had a modest workshop built on the Quai de la Râpée, where an entirely new industry was established. Forest first constructed for a Swiss sportsman an automobile ship, thirty feet long, with a six-horsepower, two-cylinder magneto engine and an improved carburetor, which was launched on the Lake of Geneva in 1887. The next year he built the little automobile yacht Ellen for his associate, Georges Gallice. The mechanism of this boat was so excellent that twelve years after it was launched it won a second prize in the 1900 regatta; but in the Exposition Universelle of 1889, where it was displayed, no one remarked upon it.

All these, however, were merely playthings. In 1888 M. Gallice had a seventy-two-ton sailboat built, and wanted Fernand Forest to install a motor in it powerful enough to supplement the action of the wind. Forest then conceived of the first upright four-cylinder motor that could be run at various speeds. This motor functioned for ten years on the yacht Jolie Brise, and to-day it occupies a position of honor in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, between Gramme's machine and Bleriot's airplane.

Having launched his boats, Forest naturally thought of making automobile wagons. Having built that marvelous four-cylinder engine, with its carburetor, its water-cooling system, and magneto ignition, he had only to put it on a wagon chassis to create the first four-cylinder automobile. This he did in 1890, for the Henry brothers at Montrouge. The industrialists, however, ignored the discovery, and not one of them at the Exposition of 1889 deigned to look at this machine, which was quietly presented, bearing an unknown name. Not until 1898 did our industrialists take up the four-cylinder motor which has become so universally popular to-day. Forest, its inventor,

had put it in an automobile nearly ten years before this time.

It is true — for we must tell the whole story — that Forest only made one car. His genius moved on to other discoveries.

At this time everyone who was preoccupied with national defense was studying the question of submarines, and in 1896 the Government held a competition for submersible vessels. Forest presented a scheme. He understood that the steamboat, with its weight, its size, its slow progress, and its smoke, could not be adapted to this kind of navigation, and that electricity could not propel a ship for any great distance. For this reason, the gasoline motor seemed to be the only answer.

He conceived of putting two explosive engines and a dynamo on a horizontal shaft, arranged in such a way that the boat could be moved by the three motors at once, by both gasoline engines, or by just one engine, the other being used to create electricity in the dynamo. And finally the boat could be propelled by the dynamo alone. In this way all the conditions for swift motion on the surface and under water were realized. The submersible vessel made its own electricity, and could adventure on the high seas. Forest received the second prize of three thousand francs, the first being given to Mr. Laubeuf, a marine engineer who had combined the dynamo with the steam engine.

In 1887, Gaston Tissandier, the original promoter of aviation in France, marveled at Forest's discoveries, and asked him to develop a motor for a dirigible balloon. Forest at once set to work, and on the eleventh of February, 1888, took out a patent for an apparatus made of four eight-cylinder groups arranged in a star-shaped formation. Although this motor developed fifty horsepower, it only weighed two hun-

dred and fifty kilos, five kilos per horsepower. When we reflect that the first four-cycle motor weighed five hundred kilos per horsepower, we can see how much progress has been made. Thus aeronautics found its proper motor, one that was both powerful and light. The star-shaped engine with revolving cylinders, with which our aviators have won such success, is simply a Forest motor whose cylinders turn around a shaft. But Gaston Tissandier died, and Forest returned to his navigation experiments on sea and river.

If you want to touch with your own hands the fruits of Forest's industry, simply lift the hood of the latest automobile and go over its parts one by one.

The gasoline penetrates the carburetor by means of a gauge that the essence itself maintains at a constant level. Before the air enters, it is heated by circulating water that has cooled the cylinders where the explosions take place. All this ingenious mechanism is Forest's work. The carbureted air penetrates a tube that feeds all the cylinders, and this Forest invented. These cylinders are all cast from a single block, which is also Forest's invention. The explosion is created by a spark generated from the magneto, which is Forest's idea, with the aid of a removable spark plug, this idea too having been Forest's creation. He then noticed that the exhaust still retained a tension of two or three atmospheres, representing so much unused force, so much lost gasoline. He thus had the idea of keeping the entrance valve closed so that one cylinder began to compress at the same moment that the other cylinder released its exhaust. This happy combination of delayed explosion and synchronization is Forest's work.

But the explosion releases an enormous amount of heat, and the cylinder,

left to itself, would quickly turn red hot and crack. To avoid this inconvenience, the motors of motor cycles, balloons, and airplanes are surrounded by concentric flanges, which Forest invented, while the cylinders of automobiles and boats are cooled by water circulating through a brass envelope, designed by Forest. And, last of all, the self-starter itself is one of Forest's inventions. In short, there is no essential part of the latest motor that does not bear the mark of Forest's genius. And at the Exposition of 1900 one hundred and thirty-five of the one hundred and thirty-six exhibitions included Forest's inventions. From that day forth the marvelous results of his work have continued.

Thanks to Forest, the internal-combustion engine has been able to attain the lightness, suppleness, and power that have made possible the automobile, the dirigible balloon, the airplane, and the submarine; and two new domains of nature, the air and the water, have been opened up to human activity.

In view of all this, are we not justified in placing that inspired worker in the company of the great inventors of every century? Contemporaries never judge the true grandeur of their great men. The English of the eighteenth century almost entirely ignored Watt and Stephenson, but their work kept growing long after their death. When the astounded generations of the future begin looking for the inventors of the powerful tools they have inherited, they will discover in the cellars of history the obscure creators of their wealth, and place these creators in the pantheon of their great men.

Lacking glory, which always comes slowly, did Forest ever enjoy fortune? No.

From this one man's brain a whole industry was born; from his modest

workshop on the Quai de la Râpée have issued mighty factories, employing hundreds of thousands of workers, attracting billions of capital investments, and distributing millions of dividends to investors each year. Yet the man who invented so much and created so much wealth remained poor himself. Like most inventors, Forest was no business man. Once he had made a discovery, he passed on to other researches, ignoring the profit that he might have made. Furthermore, he did not belong to that world of the great universities which too often attempts to reserve for itself at least the honor, if not the benefits, of all inventions. At expositions the official juries affected to attach no importance to the little mechanic of the Quai de la Râpée who lacked an engineering degree.

Little by little his patents expired, or else he did not have enough money to pay the State the regular annuity, and his inventions became public property. At this point the big industrialists took advantage of the situation, built hundreds of new machines, and gained millions without having to pay anything to the real creator of their fortune.

In July 1889, when Forest had presented his famous multicylinder motor that was later to assure the motor industry a vast future, some pitiless landlord was selling the unfortunate inventor's furniture and turning into the street, together with his wife and children, the man who had just opened up one of the most fruitful sources of national prosperity. Eleven years later, at the 1900 Exposition, the same motor excited such intense admiration among foreign experts that the Marquis de Dion deigned to present the inventor to the President of the Republic, who congratulated him heartily. 'Oh,' said Forest modestly, 'I showed that motor eleven years ago, but no one paid any

attention to it.' That was his only revenge, and he returned to his obscure, fruitful labors.

He would undoubtedly never have emerged from obscurity if, in 1911, the German automobile manufacturers had not decided to celebrate some kind of fiftieth anniversary in order to boost their industry. At this point our great manufacturers, who had so completely disdained the little mechanic on the Quai de la Râpée, suddenly felt the need of reminding the entire universe, and their competitors across the Rhine in particular, that almost all the inventions which supported the motor industry all over the world were the fruit of a French workman's genius.

It was decided to organize a big official ceremony in honor of Fernand Forest — for they discovered that he had not died. On the twenty-sixth of February, 1911, in the big amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, in the presence of all the scientific notables and an audience of three thousand, M. Paul Painlevé, a member of the Academy of Sciences, spoke of aviation as follows: —

'And since we are discussing motors here, I am happy to salute the great inventor of the motor, Fernand Forest, an inventor of genius. It may be said that without him these marvelous machines, these great artificial birds, would never have flown. And that is sufficient satisfaction, which well compensates him for the injustices he has suffered, for he has worked for glory, and the entire world has profited from his efforts.'

A salvo of applause greeted this name, unknown the day before. President Loubet arose and shook the inventor's hand. All the scholars, industrialists, and politicians did the same. A few weeks later the Government bestowed the ribbon of the Legion of Honor on the old worker. After this the Republic and democracy judged that they had done enough.

A few kind-hearted men, however, felt that this was not sufficient. Charles Guieysse, the founder of *Pages Libres*, a polytechnician without the prejudices of his school, decided that Fernand Forest ought to live off his inventions. Together with his friend and collaborator, E. Dujardin, the editor of that valiant review, he raised capital and founded an English company, the Fernand Forest Universal Patents Company, Limited. This company was to exploit the future patents of Forest in participation with him, — for he was still inventing, — and in the meantime it was also to furnish him with working materials.

Before this, even before the company itself was founded, I often went with Dujardin to the little garage in Asnières where Forest was working with his two sons. While the young men were repairing automobile or airplane motors, the old father, who was then sixty-two, was working on a valveless engine.

Nothing was more interesting than to hear him tell his experiences. Moreover, he never had a word of bitterness or rancor for the public powers that had ignored him or for the industrialists who had enriched themselves from his discoveries. One day we were walking together along the Champs-Élysées, and a magnificent Panhard machine nearly ran into him.

'It would have been funny,' he said, 'if that machine had run over me, for I was the one who brought it into the world.'

When I expressed my astonishment that the father of the automobile industry did not possess a car of his own, and when I announced my indignation that not one of the manufacturers whom he had enriched had thought of offering him one, he looked at me in astonishment — he had never thought of it.

'Bah!' he said to console me. 'The interesting thing is not the car, but the motor.'

A few years later he was taken to the Riviera to try out his new valveless motor. The experiments which had taken so long a time were successful, but the boat suddenly crashed into the dock. Was it emotion, fatigue, or old age? Fernand Forest had succumbed to a sudden heart attack. This great worker died as he had lived — inventing.

A statue is to be raised to him — the same banal homage accorded to so many mediocre men who have left no traces behind them either in their life or in their work. He, however, has given wealth and labor to millions of men. His inventions have permitted humanity to conquer the heights of

the sky and the depths of the sea.

This simple, self-made worker showed that the discipline and success of science are not beyond the reach of the humblest. His life, devoted entirely to the joys and cares of discovery, was a model of disinterestedness and courage. If our civilization, conscious of his real grandeur, really cared to celebrate its saints and heroes, what finer figure could it offer as an example to the children of the common people? What Minister of Public Instruction will dare to inscribe in the school programme, among the generals who executed coups d'état, among the tortuous diplomats and worldly men of letters, the useful and noble life of Fernand Forest, worker and mechanic, constructor of the automobile, the airplane, and the submarine?

IS DISARMAMENT POSSIBLE?

ENGLISH AND FRENCH VIEWS

A WAY TO END WAR ¹

THERE seems to be a fairly general impression that the Disarmament Commission now sitting at Geneva will not achieve any important result during its present session. Indeed, as I write, the French delegate has proposed its adjournment without any practical achievement. So far it has been engaged in demonstrating what most people already knew — namely, that the Russian proposal for complete disarmament within four years is

impracticable. Lord Cushendun found a congenial task in explaining with great lucidity and eloquence the grave difficulties in M. Litvinov's way. Admirably as the task seems to have been performed, it would have been even more impressive if the conclusion to which the speaker came had not been reminiscent of many previous speeches from the same source. Possibly that was the reason why several other orators thought it necessary to repeat what had already been so well said.

But this Russian scheme is in the nature of a hors d'œuvre. The solid part of the work is still to come.

¹ By Lord Robert Cecil, in the *Sunday Times* (London Independent Conservative weekly), March 25

The main business of the Commission is to draw up a skeleton convention for the general limitation of armaments into which figures can be later inserted by the Powers at a conference specially called for the purpose. Last spring the Commission entered on this work. An outline of a convention was drawn up, and on some points — particularly in relation to air armaments — agreement was reached. A good deal of progress was also made with respect to the land forces. But on other important matters — particularly as to the best way of measuring fleets — no conclusion was arrived at.

That does not mean that full agreement on a draft skeleton convention is impossible. On the contrary, I am convinced it can be done, provided we, the British, take our proper position as leaders in this enterprise. For the first few years of the League we always led the way. Almost all of its constructive work was done by us. Latterly other countries have played a more active part. The recent Economic Conference was due to a French suggestion. So, indeed, is the Disarmament Commission itself. Nevertheless, I hope I am not too much biased in favor of our own country in saying that the success of the League depends very much on British energy, courage, and practical good sense. It is our instinct to make things work, and if we put our backs into it I have no doubt that a skeleton disarmament convention can be evolved.

Even so, the gravest difficulties remain to be tackled. Granted the proper method of international disarmament is established, the strength of each arm acceptable to each country will still have to be settled; and when one thinks of all the complications of such a settlement, light-hearted optimism is certainly out of place. As the *Sunday Times* very truly pointed

out last week, the failure of the Three-Power Conference last summer was very discouraging — not less so because the failure was due to Anglo-American differences, for the Japanese were ready to accept any reasonable formula which the other two countries would agree to. They, at any rate, had no *arrière pensée*.

It was this international aspect of the 1927 fiasco that seemed to me so serious as to compel me to resign rather than accept responsibility for the policy which made it possible. It was not so much that I feared a relapse in the growth of the good understanding between the two English-speaking peoples. For I never thought the relapse would carry us back to the bad old days when twisting the lion's tail was a popular sport on the other side of the Atlantic. Nor has it done so. Those, whether in England or America, who talk about the imminence, or, indeed, the possibility, of war between the two countries are wicked or foolish, or both.

But I am afraid there is much more truth in the contention of the *Sunday Times* that the fact that England and America could not agree on the narrow problem of limiting cruisers and other auxiliary craft has greatly increased the difficulty of solving the larger questions arising in a general limitation of armaments. All the same, I refuse to believe that the hope of any general agreement to limit armaments is baseless. If it be so, the outlook is black indeed. It means a return to pre-war conditions as far as armaments are concerned; with the old competition, the old vast expenditure, the old gradually increasing fear and suspicion between the nations of Europe until the breaking strain is again reached. That is my firm conviction. Let me give one of many reasons for it.

By the Treaty of Versailles Ger-

many's armaments were drastically reduced and limited. Her army was cut down to one hundred thousand men. A proportionate reduction was made in her artillery and other weapons of war. Her navy was for battle purposes practically wiped out. All this she agreed to and has carried out on the footing that it was to be the first step in a general international disarmament. That was indicated in the treaty itself. It was even more clearly expressed in the correspondence which passed between M. Clemenceau, acting on behalf of the Allied and Associated Powers, and the German Representative. The latter agreed to the terms proposed 'provided this is a beginning of a general reduction of armaments.'

M. Clemenceau replied that it was 'the first step toward that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they (the Allied and Associated Powers) seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.' On several subsequent occasions the policy of general international disarmament has been accepted by those who fought against Germany. At Locarno they undertook 'to seek its realization in a general agreement,' and at almost every Assembly of the League it has been expressly or impliedly endorsed.

It is in pursuance of these precise and repeated declarations that the Geneva Preparatory Commission is now attempting to reach a result. It may fail, but if it does one consequence is certain. Germany will claim liberty to rearm. Her representatives at Geneva have on several occasions intimated as much. It may be said that Germany's obligation to remain disarmed is absolute. Whatever the other parties to the Treaty of Versailles may do or fail to do, she is still bound.

Legally, for aught I know, that may be true. Practically such a contention is unsustainable. How can it be maintained that Germany is to fulfill obligations which her late opponents are to be free to disregard? Nothing can be more certain than that, if it be definitely established that international disarmament is a baseless dream, we must be prepared to face the rearmament of Germany and her late allies.

Are we prepared to face that? And what of other European nations? What would be the effect on the European situation of an announcement five or ten years hence that Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria were all rearming? Surely it is worth a great effort to avoid any such complication as that. And that is only one of the consequences which will inevitably ensue if we fail to solve the disarmament problem.

And why should we fail? The technical difficulties are great, but they are not insuperable. If the government of any of the European countries decided to reduce its armaments to a certain standard, the necessary orders could be framed and carried out. What one country can do they all can do. The real difficulty is not technical, but political — it is international fear and suspicion. That is why the questions of security and arbitration lie at the root of disarmament, and those two questions can undoubtedly be solved if we really mean business. 'Nothing for nothing' is the rule of the world. We can get disarmament, and with disarmament a new era of peace, if we are ready to pay the price for it. Are we?

That, no doubt, depends on what the price is. As far as arbitration is concerned, I cannot conceive any possible disadvantage that might arise from the acceptance of the most complete and all-embracing system of arbitration

which would not be as dust in the balance compared with the advantages to us of a general scheme of international disarmament. Security is another matter. At Locarno we gave an absolute guaranty to defend both France and Germany against aggression by the other. Nor did we get any disarmament in exchange. Obviously we cannot extend that policy any further.

But what about collective guaranties? Are they really so unthinkable as some say? Why should we not be ready to take our share, and not more than our share, of a general European guaranty against aggression in return for a substantial measure of disarmament? After all, would such an undertaking make much difference in our actual liabilities? In any serious disturbance of European peace we shall probably be involved — we shall certainly be affected. Is it not better that if we have to fight in such a quarrel we should have the help of all other peace-loving European states? Moreover, if the system of collective guaranties of peace already in part established by the League of Nations were perfected and accompanied by general disarmament, the probability of our ever having to fight would be enormously reduced.

Anyhow, the matter is well worth thinking about. A slight paper increase of our liabilities which brought a great increase of real security might be a very profitable transaction for us. A war-free Europe — how much is that worth to us materially and morally?

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED²

It is clear as day that for the past year the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament has been marking time. In all its work no progress can be detected.

² By 'Pertinax,' in *Écho de Paris* (Paris Clerical Conservative daily), March 23

The naval and Continental Powers have come to no agreement in regard to armed forces on sea or land. And far as the naval Powers are from determining a common policy of maritime reduction, certain Continental Powers, notably France and Italy, are even less likely to subscribe to a common policy regarding military establishments. Yet in spite of all the apparently insurmountable obstacles, the Disarmament Conference draws near. We saw it at work in December, when Geneva adopted such a course that presently the victors will not be able to refuse the officially disarmed vanquished states places at the solemn sessions of the fifty nations, at which, by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles, they believe they have the right to be present.

M. Loudon, the President of the Preparatory Commission, will summon it again in July or August for the second reading of his report, hoping that the governments interested will, from that day forth, resign themselves to making certain indispensable sacrifices and succeed in adopting some common programme. At the beginning of September, fearing the anger of the Assembly, the Council will then summon the Conference either for December 1928 or for February 1929.

Count Bernstorff and M. Litvinov will therefore not have labored and protested in vain. Their denunciations are already intimidating their adversaries and weakening their resistance. Let us say no more of the measures that were destined to increase the security of the different states, and that should have been taken first of all. The Security Commission has hastened to send out its recommendations to all the capitals. Mediocre in themselves, these recommendations have every chance of remaining permanently buried. M. Paul-Boncour has been flattering himself for years by repeating his thesis of

'measured security' and making it score theoretical triumphs over other hasty and perilous methods of disarmament. Once more we shall discover that the ideologue is a very shaky rampart in the defense of European order. And when the Conference is only a few weeks away we shall suddenly discover the weighty importance of the Rhineland occupation.

Drifting much more rapidly than they desire toward a tumultuous solution which will see Germany once more free to go in for military preparations, France, England, America, Italy, and Japan will certainly have to settle their differences. But in spite of what Count Clauzel has said, we are all far from having attained this end.

The clearest proposition, which takes the form of a note to the five above-mentioned Powers who signed the Washington Convention of 1922, was made by the principal British delegate to Geneva, Lord Cushendun. Here the British Admiralty restates the ideas that it especially cherished in June and July 1927 and that the Three-Power Naval Conference did not wish to adopt. These terms included the reduction of the tonnage of the battle-ships to be built by the five signatory Powers of the Washington Agreement after 1931 from 35,000 tons to 30,000 tons when the time comes to replace vessels now in service, and the application of the 5-5-3 ratio to these ships. It also suggested the reduction of the gun calibre from 16 to 13 inches, and the extension of the lifetime of a ship from twenty to twenty-six years.

The plan has already been denounced in the United States as a mere accentuation of British naval preponderance, since it would confer upon Britain a veritable monopoly of 35,000-ton ships, of which she would possess

a very great number, while no other nation would be authorized to build any such vessels. Furthermore, the project is only fragmentary at best. It does not touch upon the problems that broke up the tripartite naval conference nine months ago — the cruisers, for instance.

England has advanced with great hesitation. Three weeks ago she annulled an earlier note that followed lines similar to those laid down by Lord Cushendun, with this difference — that the Geneva experts were to be charged with opening the discussion. Cushendun's note is now written in such a way that it does not seem to call for any formal reply.

France is exerting herself in two distinct directions. On the whole, the Quai d'Orsay favors a Franco-British accord, with France supporting the naval ideas of the British Admiralty and England backing up the major thesis of our General Staff, which allows unlimited military instruction to reserve troops for a land army. Our Ministry of Marine, on the other hand, inclines more toward an entente with America and Japan, where our country's naval ideas will be taken as the point of departure. According to this, each nation will have a total tonnage which it will be free to split up as it pleases among various categories of vessels. Perhaps the time has come for us to put our ideas in order. Until now M. Paul-Boncour has been able to conduct the business of disarmament as he pleased and to express the views of the French Government in whatever way seemed opportune. As far as we are concerned, our Geneva delegates, our Minister of War and our Minister of Marine, have conducted themselves unhappily. Let our Council of Ministers take hold and define a policy.

ON STYLE¹

BY HIPPOLYTE TAINE

[THIS hitherto unpublished essay by Taine will appear in Victor Giraud's forthcoming volume, *Hippolyte Taine: études et documents*. M. Giraud suggests that the essay was written either while the author was a young instructor of philosophy at Nevers, or, as he prefers to believe, at a much later date, since the maturity of the style indicates that a man of years and learning probably wrote it.]

I AM going to strike you as bizarre and ridiculous. I am about to pretend that one should treat literary problems like geometric problems, and that in order to grasp the rules of style one should analyze and deduce as if one were attempting to measure the square of the hypotenuse. You may be sure, however, that I shall attempt to perform these displeasing operations in human speech, and that I shall try not to be more than half barbarian.

Have we not remarked that the perfection of anything lies in the free and complete development of its nature; that, in order to raise anything to supreme beauty, we have only to restore it to itself; and not correct, but purify it? If, then, we want to know what perfect style is, we shall first have to discover what is the distinct function and proper nature of style, and we shall then conclude that it is perfect when its nature is not altered and when it is not distracted from its true function.

¹From the *Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), March, 17.

Style is the expression of thought and feeling, and this expression takes several shapes, consisting of sounds, images, and phrases. In each case there is a perceptible sign resembling the idea expressed. These include the melodiousness or raucousness of the sounds, the length or shortness of the words, which in turn represent delicacy or force, the solemnity or vivacity of the ideas, the strength of the images, and the multitude of metaphors that stand for elevated or violent emotions; while the order of the words and the sentence structure reveal the line of thought and the chain of reasoning. Expression, as a general rule, is something distinct from the thing expressed. But expression also resembles the thing expressed. It responds to the other's changes, it adjusts itself, and knows no other function than to repeat and renovate the thing expressed, from whose nature expression is born; and although it is made to imitate, obey, and serve, expression always wants to amount to something on its own account.

Such is the perfect style, which is nothing more or less than the *exact* style. This quality includes all others, and any quality that it does not contain belongs to the thought, not to the style. We are not justified in demanding that a style be abundant, rich, nervous, concise, rapid, light, facile, abandoned. These merits should reside in the thought expressed, which will possess whichever ones are appropriate. Under all circumstances the sole duty of style will be to follow and express

the thought, to assume all its aspects, to imitate all its movements, to be as alert or hard pressed, as simple or majestic, as the original thought. Style can be perfect even when the thought is bad. In certain tirades of Corneille or Lucan the emphasis is ridiculous, but the style is admirable. On the other hand, many contemporary poets have lofty and stirring thoughts that are disfigured by the way they are expressed.

People will say that style should be clear, precise, harmonious, and simple, and that it should retain these qualities whatever the thought may be. Observe, however, that clarity and precision are merely exactitude, that harmony is the exterior resemblance between sounds and the facile happy ordering of thoughts, and, finally, that simplicity is nothing but the propriety of a style that tries not to exceed the limits of its subject.

Let us add that merits are not always desirable, and that, if the thought is obscure, brutal, and furious, the style should resemble it. Shakespeare's style is twisted, painful, noisy, and violent, but I am inclined to believe that it expresses more successfully the interior combats and passionate outbursts of Othello and Macbeth than would the regular constructions, the harmonious periods, and the moderated metaphors of our theatre. It is so true that the only merit of style is exactness that one can also say a bad style is better than a good one if its faults render it exact. Style and thought are like body and soul: when they are in disagreement the reader suffers. If the style is feebler than the thought, we accuse the author of impotence; if it is stronger, we accuse him of deception. A lovely falsehood is always shocking. Better far an ugly truth.

For this reason we should flee the so-called ornate style like the plague. It

is nonsense to say that style can ornament thought, when thought itself is the source of all beauty and lends to style all its graces. Such a pretension on the part of style is insupportable, and it makes itself felt chiefly in periods of decadence, in the time of men like Pliny or Rousseau. In such epochs the valet gives his master the sack, and the finest writings are ruined.

At such times there seems to be a conspiracy against truth. The author dislikes it; he fears to reveal it; he conceals it as much as possible under disguises and costumes of every description. It is a period of periphrasis. People hate the proper word and the simple expression; they would blush to see their thought unclothed. As Pascal said, it is like exhibiting a lovely, charming girl covered with so many ornaments, chains, and jewels that she looks like a peddler hawking her wares.

Such is the general rule of style, which is divided into as many particular rules as there are methods of expression. To qualify as well chosen, the word must be exact and the metaphor appropriate. To-day we have entirely forgotten this rule. We have ceased to take account of the fact that each word has its own origins, its own associations, its habits, and its customary domain, that it feels the effects of the occasions and subjects for which it is used, that it has a definite aspect, — philosophical, aristocratic, bourgeois, solemn, or simple, — that it conjures up the idea of a trooper, a business man, a king, or a valet, and, in brief, that it has no synonyms.

Furthermore, our language is the strangest in the world. It is a sort of carnival or modern saturnalian revel in the course of which each word, forgetful of its rank and customary usage, takes the place of others, enters all kinds of sentences, plays every rôle, attacks and ruins every subject. We no longer

possess the generally accepted language of the last two centuries, we no longer speak like polished men of letters, like honest folk and men of the world; but we talk like merchants, mathematicians, chemists, economists, and laborers. All ranks and classes are as confused in their language as they are socially.

But the greatest scourge is the mania for abstract terms. All the time people express the most simple ideas in such a way that you feel you are back in the classroom or wandering about in the nebulousness of metaphysics. The extraordinary has become the ordinary; philosophic formulas are found on every street corner; we wear a scholar's gown in spite of ourselves, and it is a mighty labor to talk good bourgeois speech.

If true style takes philosophic form, it necessarily departs from the poetic form. In other words, ordinary thought is neither poetic nor philosophic, but pursues a tranquil path between imaginative recklessness and excessive abstraction. This second rule of style has been violated by all decadent languages. Even Quintilian used to complain that style was nothing but metaphors, and our century, in like manner, clothes the most prosaic thoughts in dithyrambic forms. Pindar would not have dared to put in a whole book of his odes half the images that accumulate to-day on the front page of a single newspaper.

The joke is that we are both philosophers and poets. We trick out our dullest abstractions in the most dazzling metaphorical costumes. We no longer speak, as Pascal's contemporaries did, of the fatal laurel and the lovely star. Our more profound jargon makes us sound like philosophy teachers. We 'roll the chariot of civilization down the beaten tracks of prejudice.' We invest pure ideas with lives of passion and action. This habit is so universal that we cannot drop it, not with the best will in the world. In

Limoges they affect a Limoges accent, and the growing power of the metaphor-makers and of the abstracters of quintessences invests this tendency with every conceivable virtue.

The collapse of all rules at least has this advantage: in condemning us to the impropriety of words it has delivered us from the tyranny of phrases. The length or briefness of the phrase, the cadence and symmetry of the period, the contrast or repetition of certain refrains, are just as powerful and exact methods of expression as are images and sounds. The position of words and phrases represents the position of ideas and conclusions, which explains why lovely learned phrases appear ridiculous when they are inserted into transports of passion. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is a bad novel, but its worst fault is the marvelous art of its periods. Its careful arrangement of contrasts, its calculated choice of words, a cadence that consciously expresses abandon, violent states of soul, and the absence of all research and calculation — how inappropriate it all is.

When Rousseau spent two whole nights turning over a single period in his mind, he forgot that expression is the portrait of thought, and that he was tracing out a second design that would obliterate his original. Learned periods are repugnant to simple thoughts, which, for that very reason, suffer when literature is made a form of commerce. Pliny for this reason is insupportable, while the very opposite quality in Mme. de Sévigné makes her charming. Style depends so much on thought that a bad style may become perfectly good when it expresses a different thought. La Bruyère wrote like Pliny, and his style is perfect. But it is even more true that misplaced merits become a defect.

The style of Tacitus testifies to a spiritual force and a science of expres-

sion that Herodotus never possessed; yet the style of Herodotus is superior to the style of Tacitus. The purpose of history is not to assault the mind with profound sentences or to condense a long story in a few concise phrases. History tells a story, and the story is a natural movement, not precipitate, forced, or jerky. It develops easily, with happy abundance and easy vivacity.

A truce to theorizing; let us rest on concrete examples. The Greeks were artistic geniuses. Other nations may have boasted grander conceptions, more burning eloquence, a more sorrowful or profound manner, but the Greeks understood more keenly than any other nation that perfection is conform-

ity to nature. Furthermore, in style, as in all other domains of art, this is the only way to attain perfection. Nowhere was the style more submitted to the thought. Poetry was never more strong, prose never more familiar, the ode never more effective, and history never possessed a simpler, barer eloquence, than among the Greeks. This feeling for style was so strong that it lasted thirteen centuries. The language of Lucan is almost as natural as the language of Homer. Yet the French, the Italians, and the Latin peoples have hardly been able to keep standing for a single century on this artistic pinnacle. They have slid down with their own weight into the abyss of affectation and bad taste.

TROUBLE IN ARABIA¹

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

IN the last few months dispatches in the European press have been describing the raids made by the Wahabis of Nejd on Irak territory, which have been met by British counterattacks. Such Bedouin excursions are by no means rare on the Arabian peninsula, and in themselves they possess no world-wide significance. But in the present case I feel that it is necessary to look at this border warfare closely.

For a number of years we have witnessed the growing power of Ibn Saud, King of Nejd and Hejaz, but to the average European this part of the earth is a complete political mystery. He is scarcely able to form a picture of

its geographical situation or of the people who live here; far less can he understand the country's political development. The next few years, however, cannot well fail to bring changes in the Arabian world whose significance will far exceed the country's geographical boundaries, and it will be hard to follow what is happening and what will follow if one does not first grasp the present relations between the potentates now occupying the peninsula.

It is impossible to realize the political significance of Arabia if one fails to take into account the driving force of the Wahabi movement. Most outsiders assume that the Wahabis are merely one of the many Islamic sects that make Mohammedanism such a

¹From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican daily), March 18 and 22.

brilliant mosaic of varied spiritual influences. The word 'sect' implies a special doctrine peculiar to a certain group of men, a doctrine that distinguishes them from other groups who believe the same fundamental teachings. The belief of the Wahabis, however, involves no special doctrine. Quite the contrary. Its very essence is sharply opposed to any individual interpretation of the Koran or the teachings of the Prophet. The Wahabi movement is the work of a single man, Mohammed ibn Abd-el-Wahhab, a native of Nejd who lived and studied in Bagdad and Cairo and gradually reached the conviction that the Mohammedans had wandered far from the original teachings of Islam.

Upon his return to Nejd he commenced his missionary activities, winning over the family of Emir ibn Saud, which lacked any political importance at the time, but which became the belligerent advocate of this new idea for the next one hundred and fifty years, conquering nearly all Arabia, losing it, and then winning back a part of it again, gradually falling into decadence, until its power was handed over to the Emir of Hail in North Arabia, a member of the Ibn Rashid family.

At length, however, Abd-el-Asis ibn Saud, the present king and the youngest member of the family, took up the work of his ancestors, with unexampled success, and in twenty-five years became the ruler of the whole district that had formerly been the possession of the Ibn Sauds. The Wahabi belief — this term is used only by the outer world, for the followers of this belief simply call themselves Moslems — rests on an exclusively reforming basis of such deep foundations that it refuses any form of compromise. To the Wahabis anyone who does not subscribe to their doctrine is an unbeliever, and even other Moslems do

not escape this distinction. The watchword 'Back to the Koran' expresses their intensive desire to convert everybody else, which is not the case with the ordinary 'sects,' each of which is content to occupy a special position.

This movement has also given a new and, so to speak, a modern significance to the Islamic 'holy war,' for in the name of his holy war Ibn Saud has conquered and consolidated his kingdom, and in the name of his holy war he has become the first Arabian ruler to play a part in world politics since the time of the Medina Caliphate. Every war he has fought he has made a religious war, a war for an idea; and Abd-el-Asis ibn Saud has not come by a single square foot of Arabian territory without fighting for it. His idea finally took the form of welding the destructive and endlessly warring Bedouins of Central Arabia into a unit and assuring them peace and security such as they had never known before.

The Wahabi religion in Nejd is, to be sure, a very primitive form of Mohammedanism. It contains many mistakes, because this part of the world has been shut off for centuries and has lacked any spiritual education. Nevertheless, the movement spreads like fire, and it is full of mighty spiritual power. It has extended beyond the confines of Nejd, and must now be reckoned as of prime importance in world politics.

During the World War another Arabian state was born, on Ibn Saud's western frontier. It was the Hejaz Government, headed by the ambitious Sherif Hussein, the descendant of the Prophet, who endeavored by every means to make himself King of all Arabia. This was going on at a time when Ibn Saud was fighting his hereditary enemy, Emir ibn Rashid of Hail. Clever King Hussein realized that his moment had come, and in 1918, just at the end of the World War, he dis-

patched a body of troops, led by his son Abdullah, to the Nejd frontier to deal a decisive blow against Ibn Saud, who had been expelled from Hail. Abdullah had twenty-five hundred regular soldiers, eighteen machine guns, two batteries of artillery, and more than ten thousand irregular Bedouin horsemen. At Taraba, some one hundred and ten miles east of Mecca, his advance guards repulsed the troops on the Nejd frontier, who consisted of eighteen hundred Bedouins, led by Chalid ibn Luëi, himself a Sheriff and a distant relation of Hussein, and Sultan ibn Budshat.

The two Nejd leaders at once sent a messenger to Riyadh begging for reinforcements, but two days later they decided to act independently, and, armed with nothing but rifles and daggers, captured Abdullah's remaining troops, including his machine guns and artillery. The battle lasted twenty minutes, on Abdullah's own word. In this time the regular Hejaz troops were annihilated to the last man. The Bedouin horsemen were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and Abdullah's camp, with its tents, ammunition, guns, machine guns, and transport camels, was looted. Abdullah himself escaped with one of his followers, thanks to the swiftness of his pure-blooded Arabian steed. The Nejd casualties numbered five hundred men.

Since that decisive day at Taraba, Hussein has made no more attacks on Nejd, and times have changed. In 1921 Ibn Saud expelled Emir ibn Rashid, took possession of Hail, and thus became the direct neighbor of the British mandates of Transjordan and Irak, where Hussein's two sons, Abdullah in Transjordan and Feisul in Irak, were established as 'independent' rulers. These men were filled with their father's ideas, and cherished deadly hatred of Ibn Saud's Wahabis. But

they could not wage war against him. In the first place, the British Resident-General was at their back, and in the second place they lacked sufficient strength. Nevertheless, they incited their own Bedouins to embark on *ghazzu* (raiding parties) against Nejd. Hussein's father did the same thing, and from that time forth robbery and plunder were a daily occurrence on the three Nejd frontiers. England looked on, only taking a hand when the Nejd Bedouins retaliated by attacking Transjordan or Irak. At that moment British bombing squadrons would at once fly into action. This situation could not continue indefinitely. Both Ibn Saud and Great Britain felt that it was desirable to stop the Bedouin raids, for fear of further trouble.

Much more important than the conflicts with Transjordan, which only involved the personal animosity between Abdullah and Ibn Saud, was the tension between Nejd and Irak. Two points of controversy made some form of settlement imperative. Definite boundaries would have to be established between the two countries, and the question of the nationality of certain Bedouin tribes whose grazing land extended from Irak deep into the territory of Nejd would have to be solved.

A special difficulty was created by the Shammar tribe, which used to live in Hail, most of whom, however, after the defeat of Ibn Rashid, who was also a member of their tribe, had emigrated to Irak and had found spiritual encouragement and material aid at the hands of King Feisul. They also found grazing lands along the frontier, and thenceforth kept raiding the Nejd tribes from Irak. A still more important question was the nationality of the great Daffir and Muntefik tribes, as well as of certain smaller groups.

Early in 1922 the delegates of Ibn Saud, Great Britain, and Feisul en-

tered into negotiations in Muhammareh. As a result the Treaty of Muhammareh was signed, on the fifth of May, 1922. The only question involved was the government of the different tribes, and it was decided that the Daffir, Muntefik, and Amarat tribes should be considered as part of Irak, and that any of their members who occupied grazing lands in Nejd should be assigned new grazing lands in Irak, whither they should be moved. On the other hand, members of the Shammar tribe were recognized as the subjects of Ibn Saud. The Irak Government assumed responsibility for their return to Nejd, and Ibn Saud guaranteed not to arrest any of them.

In the months that followed, the tribes apportioned to Irak went there; and Ibn Saud did all he could to assist their return. The Shammar tribe, however, remained in Irak, and continued to send out raiding parties across the Nejd frontier. Not only did Bagdad do nothing to get them to return, but Feisul's private treasury paid a regular pension to the Shammar sheik, and continues to pay that pension to the present day. The result was that the Treaty of Muhammareh was not ratified either by Ibn Saud or by Feisul. Both parties, however, quietly assumed that it was valid, and referred to it several times in later treaties.

The undecided frontier question made a new conference necessary. This conference took place in the little port of Ukair in El Hasa in the province of Ibn Saud, who was present in person; as well as the British High Commissioner, Sir Percy Cox, representing the Irak Government. As a result of this conference two documents were signed on the second of December, 1922, which were known as the Ukair Protocols Numbers One and Two. In the first paragraph of the First Protocol the

frontier between Nejd and Irak was definitely established; the second paragraph provided that the oases along the frontier — for it was a desert country — should be used freely by both parties; and paragraph three forbade that the water from these wells should be turned to any military purpose. Both parties were forbidden to erect any fortifications in the frontier zone, and both parties also undertook emphatically to forbid their tribes to make raids across the border. The Second Protocol merely involved questions of minor importance.

The negotiations at Muhammareh and Ukair did not produce the desired results. The Nejd Bedouin raids ceased, but those of Irak continued. At the same time, the Transjordanian tribes, spurred on by Abdullah, in whose breast the memory of Taraba still rankled, conducted lively raids over the northwest boundary of Nejd. The inhabitants of that region finally replied with a sudden attack, and in 1923 Nejd Bedouins invaded Transjordan, robbing and plundering the country almost up to Abdullah's capital, Amman, where they were routed by British bombing squadrons. This border warfare continued back and forth for years, and Transjordan or Irak was always the aggressive party. Dissatisfaction among the Nejd border tribes increased. Deputies appeared in Riyadh nearly every day begging Ibn Saud's permission to conduct a big *ghazzu* against the Sheriff, but Ibn Saud restrained them, often with great difficulty. Although he himself is a Wahabite and became great by fighting, he was farsighted enough to see that a war against the Sheriff would be a wild-goose chase, and would also involve war with England.

At length Ibn Saud warned the British Government of the danger of this

situation, and made it clear that he could not restrain his Bedouins much longer in the face of such provocations. But the British merely shook their heads. A new conference of representatives from Nejd, Irak, and Transjordan was summoned during 1923 and 1924 at Koweit. At the beginning of the conference the Irak delegates made it a condition that Ibn Saud must conclude a treaty with King Hussein of the Hejaz. Ibn Saud replied that he had nothing against making a treaty with Hussein, but that he could not under any circumstances agree to make that treaty the condition of other agreements. However, if Hussein were willing, he could for his part send a delegate to the Koweit conference.

Hussein was telegraphed to, but he had other ideas in mind and did not want to go in for any bargaining at Koweit. The British representative laughed as he listened to the controversy, and announced that the session was closed. The conference was then adjourned until 1924.

Early that year King Hussein arrived in Amman, where his son Abdullah, the mayor of the city, proclaimed him Caliph in the presence of fourteen distinguished natives, five school deputies, and the representative of the Transjordanian telegraph company. Speeches were made, salvos were fired, Bedouins executed feats of horsemanship, and the ceremonies were concluded with speeches of allegiance to King Feisul 'in the name of the Irak people.' After the British Resident had seen out these festivities with all proper respect, he presented a prudent political offer to the newly created Caliph, who, he suggested, should send a representative of his own to continue the negotiations entered into in the former meeting of the Koweit conference, so that the troublesome boundary conflict with Ibn Saud might

be settled for good and all. Obviously preening himself on the extent of his Caliphate, Hussein consented, and appointed his youngest son, Seyd, as his delegate on the condition that Ibn Saud should also send a son of his. A cable was at once sent to Bahrein, and a special messenger brought the dispatch to Riyadh.

Ibn Saud replied that he would be glad to send a son to Koweit, but only for show. His real representative would have to be another delegate, since the Prince was too young and inexperienced to handle such important political matters himself. Hussein felt that it was insulting that the son of a Caliph, himself a Sheriff, should sit quarreling with ordinary men around a green table. Hussein kept out in this way, but Feisul's delegates set forth for Koweit. When they arrived in Basra they heard that new Bedouin attacks had been taking place along the Irak-Nejd boundary, and at once, being clever men, came to the conclusion that Ibn Saud wanted to exert pressure on them. They therefore returned to Bagdad on the next night train.

Nevertheless, the conference was opened, though it was only attended by delegates from Nejd and Transjordan. At its first session the Transjordanian delegate declared that he had received a dispatch from Abdullah saying that he would enter into negotiations only if Ibn Saud would surrender to him his northern province of Jauf, which included the city of the same name. Ibn Saud's delegates burst into peals of Homeric laughter. The British representative also laughed and shrugged his shoulders, for, as everyone knows, Transjordan and Irak are independent, and even mighty England is powerless in their presence. The conference therefore went to pieces.

From all these events it became increasingly clear that the Sherifian bloc

and its European backer had no desire to bring about a real understanding, but wanted the conflict to drag on as long as possible. Ibn Saud drew his own conclusions, and gave his border tribes the long-awaited permission to embark on a *ghazzi*. A few days later great columns of Nejd camel troops were moving along the three frontiers. One squadron entered Transjordan, and almost reached Amman, just as they had done the year before, but they were soon routed by English flying squadrons, and returned with two thousand camels by way of spoils.

In the northeast more Nejd tribesmen, under the leadership of Feisul ed-Dawish, chief of the Muteir tribe, penetrated to Shott el-Arab. But the western expedition, led by the victors of Taraba, Chalid ibn Lu'ei and Sultan ibn Budshat, was the most successful of all. This expedition penetrated the Hejaz and occupied the city of Taif, conducting a bloody massacre there, until Ibn Saud sent a special messenger to forbid further carnage. He also dispatched reinforcements, and gave the following watchword: 'Conquer the Hejaz, but only fight against the Sheriff, not against the inhabitants.'

Everyone knows what followed. Within a short time Ibn Saud entered Mecca victorious. Hussein fled, and, thanks to his oldest son, Ali, found refuge in Jidda. This city, as well as Medina, was blockaded, and the siege of these last two strongholds of the Sheriffian dynasty continued. It was impossible for the attackers to fire on Medina, since it contains the mosque where the Prophet is buried; and British warships lay near Jidda, ostensibly to protect Europeans. Any hostilities, however, would have gone hard with Ibn Saud, since he did not have nearly as much artillery as the Sheriff.

At length Medina surrendered, in the autumn of 1925, and Ibn Saud decided to launch an offensive against Jidda. At this moment he received the following message from England: 'No shooting on the city; and a treaty must be immediately concluded adjusting the boundary between Nejd and Transjordan.' Great Britain could not have chosen a more propitious moment. Faced with the necessity of taking Jidda, Ibn Saud consented to these terms; and negotiations were opened in an encampment on the road from Mecca to Jidda, between the little towns Bahra and Hadda.

Two agreements were signed — on the first of November the Treaty of Bahra, and on the second of November the Treaty of Hadda. A few days later the British warships raised anchor, bearing Sheriff Ali, who had no ticket, but had been granted permission to depart. Once the ships were out of the harbor, Ibn Saud entered Jidda, and in January 1926 became King of the Hejaz. Besides establishing the boundary between Nejd and Transjordan, one part of which, the zone between Ma'an and Akaba, is still undecided, the two treaties once again dealt decisively with the question of the various tribes, and for the hundredth time both parties agreed to give up raiding expeditions for good and all. Both treaties also contained a clause whereby the two parties agreed not to follow raiding Bedouins into the territory of the other Power after they had been repulsed. Whichever government the raiding tribe belonged to should under these circumstances itself take the necessary measures against the offenders, and the other government should only provide information.

As the British Government itself has recognized on several occasions, Ibn Saud was entirely successful in forbidding his tribes to fight. They remained

completely peaceful, although Transjordan and Irak tribes continued to invade Nejd territory without being called to account by their Government. Apparently the Treaty applied to Ibn Saud alone. There was only one exception to this rule on the Nejd side. In 1926 Ibn Midshlat, the Sheik of the Dahamshi tribe, which was under Ibn Saud's rule, robbed the Suggur Arabs in Irak of a number of camels. Ibn Saud's Governor of Hail, in whose district the Dahamshi lived, at once got in touch with Ibn Midshlat and ordered him to return what he had stolen. When Ibn Midshlat refused, the Governor of Hail dispatched a punitive expedition, which took away the seized camels, and the Irak Government was informed that they would be returned. Ibn Midshlat fled to Bagdad, where he was received by Feisul with open arms. He was given a regular pension, and has remained in Irak ever since.

Since a very similar occurrence had taken place in 1924, just before the Koweit conference, Ibn Saud came to the cynical conclusion that Feisul's Government did not take its treaties with him very seriously, but did its utmost to prolong the tension between the two countries. This state of affairs could hardly be concealed from the new High Commissioner of Irak, Sir Henry Dobbs, and in June 1927 Sir Henry dispatched a letter to Ibn Saud thanking him warmly for the well-disciplined behavior of the Nejd border tribes. At the same moment, however, Feisul's right-hand man appeared in an automobile at the Nejd boundary and tried to persuade the Shammar tribes, who were true to Ibn Saud, to emigrate to Irak. His efforts were partly successful.

In paragraph three of the First Protocol of Ukair both parties forbade any fortifications on the Irak-Nejd boundary. In the summer of 1927,

however, the Irak Government built a fort at the oasis of B'seyya, set up a police garrison there, and gave official warning that more forts would be constructed along the boundary. Ibn Saud protested against these open breaches of the treaty, and after several months received an evasive answer.

In September Ibn Saud telegraphed from Mecca to Bagdad: 'I hear that my border tribes are in a state of great excitement because of the illegal fortifications that are being built. The situation is dangerous, since the tribes threaten to attack on their own initiative.' As usual, he waited long for an answer, — it was three months this time, — and by that time the crisis was over. But at the end of October, Sheik Feisul ed-Dawish, to whom we have referred before, had advanced at the head of his Muteir Bedouins, destroyed the B'seyya fortifications, and killed the soldiers and workers, without harming the Irak tribes who lived in the neighborhood. British flying squadrons appeared, surveyed the situation, and, contrary to their usual custom, returned without throwing a single bomb. At this point ed-Dawish marched forth into Irak territory and dispatched a few raiding parties. This continued for ten days, and though the invaders could easily have been bombed by English airplanes no measures were taken against them.

Meantime Ibn Saud had returned to Riyadh. Deputations from the northern tribes appeared and demanded a big *ghazzu* against Irak. Ibn Saud had them all sent away, and branded ed-Dawish as a national — and therefore, according to Islamic law, a religious — criminal, issuing this verdict in a religious edict. The fighting spirit of the northern tribes at once cooled off, and one after the other they deserted ed-Dawish, returning to their own pasture lands in mortal terror of Ibn Saud's

displeasure. He then dispatched armed forces from the provinces of Hajel and El Hassa to guard the northern frontier. Ed-Dawish slunk back to his native city, where he was interned by Ibn Saud to await trial. At the same time, the money and provisions with which Ibn Saud provided most of his tribes were withdrawn from the Muteir tribe of ed-Dawish. The Irak Government was officially informed of these measures, and was also told that the guilty ed-Dawish would be made to pay a heavy penalty.

This new conflict might have been easily settled, but things had gone so far that the British High Commissioner of Irak telegraphed to Ibn Saud that he had dispatched a flying squadron to punish ed-Dawish, who was now on Nejd territory, and to force him into obedience to Ibn Saud. The latter at once dispatched his courier to Bahrein and had him send a telegram from there to Bagdad. He protested against the proposed measures, calling attention to the treaties of Bahra and Hadda, which forbade the pursuit of raiders into the territory of the other party, and warned the Englishman what the Nejd tribes, who were already sufficiently aroused, might do as a result of such measures, for he himself could perhaps no longer control them. The warning went unheeded, and at the end of January, 1928, a British air squadron flew over the Nejd boundary and dropped a number of bombs, thereby giving the Bedouin tribes an excuse for a revenge on Irak. As these lines are being written the news comes to Riyadh that the northern Bedouin tribes are already in motion and have sent small detachments across the Irak frontier. On account of the great extent of his country, and because of the lack of telegraphic communications, Ibn Saud will probably no longer be able to hold this movement in check.

His tribes will fall upon Irak territory, where they will rob, plunder, and slay until they are finally expelled by British bombing squadrons.

But will the conflict in the desert then cease? Hardly. Sir Henry Dobbs, the British overseer of the Irak Government, knows what he is doing, and the men behind him know it too. They know why the treaties have been broken a hundred times over, why Ibn Saud's protests and warnings continually have been shelved and not answered until the explosion has already occurred.

The growing strength of Ibn Saud does not suit British policy in the East. When the English first held out a helping hand to him no one could have suspected that the Sultan of Nejd would remain a political factor for so long a time. People who thought in the stereotyped terms of Colonial policy did not realize the dynamic force of the Wahabi movement in time. In spite of all the books, all the travelers' descriptions, and all the consular reports on the subject, nobody knew that Ibn Saud was an exponent of this force — a very significant exponent, who was bound to extend his power.

When the truth was recognized Ibn Saud had already gone far. He had become the ruler of the greater part of Arabia, a mighty bloc between the Suez Canal and India. Great Britain is now trying to hamper the development of this bloc. She is well aware that the native population of Irak hates the Sheriff Feisul and loves Ibn Saud, recognizing him as the only really free ruler in the Arab-speaking world. Furthermore, some of the Irak Bedouin tribes also support him. The British, however, are trying to foment these sympathies, and are fomenting rivalries between the various tribes, rearing a barrier between Nejd and Irak. This is the source of the trouble in Arabia.

THE MAHARAJAH'S BIRTHDAY¹

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

HIGH in the mountains a short distance from Leh lives a holy lama, Tuba Padma Khantse, in a little hermitage. At the age of twelve he was chosen to succeed the dying monk who had dwelt there for eighteen years. It was a great honor for him and his family.

For four years the young monk lived in a dim underground chamber without seeing a single human countenance. Food was handed to him through a little window, but it was part of his discipline to receive no news of the outer world and never to speak with any man. When the person who brought him the food went away he was alone once more, and night would come, and then morning. Four years is a long time, but he withstood the test.

I find Padma Khantse sitting in his dim cell wrapped in meditation. This cell is hardly twelve feet square, and the entrance is so low that you have to crawl through. The holy lama has a contemplative, reflective face, and long, braided hair. His laugh is very peculiar, sudden and evanescent, intensifying his delightful impression of simple nobility. The dark Asiatic eyes he turns upon me are searching and profound.

A pile of tattered books, a metal bowl, a little bronze sceptre, a drum made out of the tops of two human skulls, a horn made out of a man's thigh-bone, and a string of human ankle bones — these are all the equip-

ment he possesses. In the corner burns an eternal light, and a little red and white cat crawls about among the extraordinary furnishings. The lama calls his cat 'My son.' Through a narrow window Leh is visible, and the Karakorum Mountains.

Beneath this cell is a little temple containing the various bizarre holy images among which Padma Khantse spent four years of his youth and boyhood. He is now twenty-three years old, having passed eleven or twelve years here in solitude. He himself does not know how long it has been.

'Did n't the four years you spent underground seem to pass very slowly?' I asked him.

The lama shook his head. 'No; they went quickly. I prayed day and night, and read in the holy books. In this way the years passed rapidly.'

'Was n't the solitude sometimes hard to endure? Were n't you often afraid of wild animals?'

The little cat climbed up on top of the holy man's mane of hair, and then leaped up to the cornice, putting out the eternal light. The lama patiently lighted it again.

'There are many wild animals here — wolves and leopards. Sometimes they come to my door. But I always live in the thought of God. How then can I be afraid?'

'But the spirits? Don't you encounter many spirits here in solitude? And when you spent four years underground, did n't a great many ghosts visit you?'

¹ From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), March 4

'A great many, a great many.' The lama became restless and cast his eyes on the ground. What terrible visions he must have seen here as a boy.

'What did they look like? Could you describe them to me?'

'I could describe them to you, but I am forbidden to speak of these matters.'

'Could you at least tell me if they came singly or in great numbers?'

'Sometimes there were only a few; at other times they came in crowds. But I pray, and they have no power over me. When I go forth to the villages I leave my door open. They watch over my cell. No one dares to enter here.'

Before I took my leave the lama begged me to take his photograph, and I discovered that he was going to Lassa a year hence and wanted his picture to represent him during his absence. The peasants could then come to his cloister and pray just as if he himself were there. Padma Khantse put on his best clothes and struck an attitude. In his left hand he held his little bell, and in his right hand over his heart he held his little brass sceptre. I realized that he possessed the simple nobility of a little child. When he goes to Lassa his cell and his little temple will be shut, and the spirits will guard everything faithfully.

Later I met the lama in Leh. He was riding proudly, followed by other lamas on foot and on horseback. He was also riding swiftly. And when he walked he would go at a quick pace too. He did not seem to have a second to spare. The people thronged around him, kissed his hand, bowed while he laid the tips of his fingers against their foreheads with a lovely, gracious gesture. But the whole episode lasted only a moment, for he presently hastened away.

In the court of the only Hindu temple

in Leh a holy man was speaking. He looked like a wild faun, with wild black hair and a black beard, and all he wore was a dirty loin cloth. But his look was keen, and his bearing proud and self-possessed. He explained to me in excellent English the primitive paintings in the outer court of the Hindu temple. I listened to him in amazement. Where had he learned such good English?

'I used to be in government service.'

'In what capacity?'

'I served in the Indian army.'

'What rank did you occupy?'

The barefooted preacher tightened his lips scornfully. 'I was an officer.'

He had fought in France, Mesopotamia, and in the Malabar revolt. He even spoke a little French, and described Neuve-Chapelle and the cemetery near La Bassée.

'And now?'

The beggar made a disdainful gesture, as if he were pushing aside something offensive. 'One day I awoke.' And on that day he cast aside everything — home, family, and position.

'Are you happy now?'

He looked off in the distance. 'Yes. I wander about meditating. What inconceivable journeys I have made. I have just arrived from Tibet from the holy lake of Manasarowar.'

'What do you live on?'

'Whatever I am given. I need nothing.'

With the able and learned Bishop Peter of the Moravian Mission, one of the few real Christians I have ever met in my life, lived a similar holy man, a real Sadhu, who had spent the last year and a half in a woodshed. This Sadhu had reached such a degree of indifference and humility that he ate out of the same dish with the dogs.

With the schoolmaster who accompanied me morning and night I visited

the bazaar, where we met an old peasant selling a sack of meal.

'Good day, Kutus,' said the schoolmaster as we approached the peasant. 'This Kutus has made a long journey through Tibet with a European. What was your Sahib's name, Kutus — the man with whom you went to Lassa?'

'Hedin Sahib.' He was one of the servants who accompanied Sven Hedin on his journey through Tibet in 1908, but he could no longer make such a journey to-day, for the cold had ruined his eyes. He also had contracted a severe case of rheumatism, and walked with difficulty.

The next day an old man with a thin white beard and impelling eyes visited me in my bungalow. His name was Sheik Abdul Karim, Sven Hedin's caravan leader who accompanied that explorer on his well-known journey across the Himalayan passes. He showed me a silver medal of the King of Sweden. He is old and shattered now, half blind, and walks with a cane. 'A year ago someone received a letter,' he said, 'announcing that Hedin Sahib would come back to Ladakh in three years' time. If he comes next year I shall have the happiness of seeing him once more, but if he comes the year after next I shall be dead.'

Every day I would go to the place where the caravans departed and watch the howling mob of Jarkenti, Tibetans, donkeys, horses, and glistening yaks. Here I met a man from Jarkent whose legs an English doctor had amputated a few weeks ago, so that he was walking on the stumps of his knees. He had made the journey from Jarkent to Leh twenty times, but on the last trip misfortune assailed him in the form of mountain sickness. He was unconscious for many days, and his comrades tied him to a yak that carried him over the Karakorum Pass. They, however, were so exhausted by the snowstorms

that they left him bound to the animal's back for two nights, and his feet froze. The unfortunate fellow must have been a giant, for even with his legs cut off at the knee he came almost to my shoulder.

The Maharajah of Kashmir celebrated his birthday, and, since Ladakh is one of his subject provinces, Leh must celebrate his birthday too. The festivities took place in a garden, and poor and rich, young and old, were present. Tall worthies with snow-white beards and raspberry-colored turbans delivered speeches. For some reason or other the first orator aroused loud laughter. Then several more turbaned speakers came forward and began referring in guttural coloratura voices to the honor of His Exalted Highness. They met with great success, and everyone listened attentively. The schoolchildren went through exercises, and my friend the teacher had his hands full. Three pupils began singing some hymn or other in shrill soprano voices. It seemed just like home. Then the lamas from one of the monasteries suddenly began executing a spirit dance with masks.

Among the musicians I detected my friend, the abbot of the Sankar cloister; he was singing a deep bass. But the most extraordinary part of the whole celebration was the way they took the collection. Names were called out, and those summoned appeared before a table on which stood a flower-decked picture of His Highness. There they would lay an English sovereign and bow themselves with crossed hands before the photograph. First came the representatives of the three great Ladakh monasteries, then the representatives of the deposed king, and finally officials and distinguished citizens. But one of the rich Ladakh merchants, being loath to give any money to the Maharajah who had de-

posed his king, laid only a silver rupee on the table. The secretary called him back and demanded a sovereign.

Then came a fat merchant very well dressed but barefooted, and he did not bow low enough. For this lack of respect the secretary at once reproved him, but the fat merchant launched into a long, impassioned speech. Everyone could see that he had bowed, and that he had bowed in the direction of the mosque. It was well known that he was short-sighted. He could hardly see the picture, and the incident terminated in loud laughter. It appeared that many of the citizens of Leh still support their old king, who now sits in Hemis with the lamas beating a drum.

After the festivities a peculiar polo match took place. This game is played in Leh every week, and poor and rich alike can take part. It is marvelous to see all the turbans and different kinds of costumes. On one occasion the ball

hit one of the lamas, who promptly fell backward in terror.

As I have said, our city of Leh was hardly recognizable. That evening drums beat and a dancer whirled down the bazaar street until he almost collapsed with exhaustion. He was the Leh postman.

My friend the teacher invited me to a refined and distinguished Ladakh dinner at his house. He himself waited on us, and since he had no napkins he borrowed some from my cook. The most interesting part of his very dirty yet lovely house was the nursery. Three brothers lived here with their families in the one house, and in the nursery were fifteen howling children between the ages of two and seven.

The newest style of trousers for children of both sexes in Leh is not without originality, for the back part is entirely open. It looks comfortable as the children play on the street, and it is also highly practical.

BUBBLE REPUTATIONS¹

BY DESMOND MACCARTHY

ALL of us have been often puzzled by the violent ups and downs of literary reputations. You have noticed how authors rise in favor, and how quickly, often, admiration of them declines. I have noticed that the desire of critics to praise them also varies erratically. The merits and defects of authors remain, of course, what they are, but whether it is their merits or their shortcomings which strike the reader seems

¹ From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), February

to depend upon causes which often have little, or nothing, to do with literature. It is a corridor subject on to which many doors of thought open. In case I sometimes wander from the point, I will state at the outset what I intend shall be the main drift of my discourse.

I propose to examine that phenomenon which over a short period we call literary fashion and over a long one we call fame, and, lastly, raise the question of what value both fashion and fame are as criterions of merit.

Now, there are two kinds of fluctuations of taste — those of a decade or less, and those which occur at longer intervals and mark the passage from one generation to another. There are also fluctuations which stand in the same relation to both these lesser ones as the tide does to waves: these longer ones are called periods in literary history — the Elizabethan period, the eighteenth-century, neoclassical period, the romantic period, and so forth. But, although these fluctuations differ from briefer ones in importance and in persistence, in their nature they resemble them. For some reason, or reasons, certain qualities in literature cease to appeal to men's imaginations and others begin to appeal instead, with the result that the reputations of particular authors go up and down.

I propose to pass over its manifestation in those brief fits of fashion, those little subsiding and rising crestlets of fame, which leave the general drift of appreciation or neglect unaltered. Let us first see how a reputation starts.

Authors are discovered by the passionate few. It is an honor to be the first to discover merit. Next to the triumph of writing a good book or a good poem — though, of course, a long way behind it — comes, perhaps, the satisfaction of recognizing one and convincing others of its merits. It is a feather in one's cap to be the first to appreciate an author whom presently the world will admire. Vanity is involved; the snobs follow.

To literary historians, of course, the only changes in opinion worthy to be called changes are such prolonged movements of the taste as withdrew love and curiosity from the literature of the Renaissance, to fix them upon that kind of literature which 'lends the charm of imagination to reality' rather than 'the force of reality to the imaginary'; and, later in the eighteenth

century, in the Romantic Movement, began itself to retreat. It is, I believe, the withdrawing roar of that great Romantic Movement which is sounding now in the ears of the elder generation, and sounding so like the rattle of tumbrils.

Perhaps you have noticed that the young are finding it exceedingly difficult to write poetry or to create in fiction and drama. (I am aware that there is certain malice in that question; it is intentional; I am not yet converted to them.) But there is more in it than that. The young-generation novel, for instance, tends to be an elaborate inner monologue rather than an objective picture of life, and in the new novel character-drawing tends to dissolve into tracing psychological processes which may be human but are not characteristic. Consider, for a moment, the development of the novel from this point of view. It is rather interesting.

First, we have the story in which action and events are the main source of interest. Of course, since stories are about human beings, and human beings think and feel, we are told at intervals what the characters thought and felt, but their thoughts and feelings are conventionalized and always germane to events. Presently, especially in love romances, feelings become more and more minutely described, but they are still prompted by what happens, has happened, or is about to happen. Then comes a change. Tolstoi notices a fact about human nature so obviously true that it soon becomes part of every ambitious novelist's stock in trade — namely, the frequent irrelevance of our thoughts and feelings. Artistically introduced, used as he used it, this irrelevant thought gives us a vivid sense of living *in* a character or actuality. Thus Anna Karenina, at the moment of flinging herself under the train, remembers diving, and her last thought

is not of Vronsky or her own tragedy, but of being hampered by her bag.

You will remind me, perhaps, of the opening of *Tristram Shandy*, which deals with incongruous associations: But that is quite a different thing. Tolstoi introduces the irrelevant thought, not to amuse, but to heighten our *belief* in the reality of the moment, which it undoubtedly does. And from then onward novelists began to try to get closer and closer to the actual content of the mind at any given moment and to surprise emotion at its source. All sorts of mechanical devices have recently been employed to that end — dots, isolated words, broken sentences. We have traveled, indeed, far from the eighteenth century, or even the Victorian convention of soliloquies in the form of neat essaylike periods. In the latest kind of novel — Virginia Woolf's, for example — events have become merely interruptions in a long wool-gathering process, a process that is used chiefly to provide occasions for little prose poems, often delightful in themselves, as when the tiny gathers in some green silk Mrs. Dalloway is sewing on to her belt remind her of summer waves gathering and collapsing on the beach; and these are described in a passage of delicate and rhythmical prose. And, last of all, the attempt (endless and hopeless in its very nature) to reproduce in print the very texture of consciousness leads to Mr. James Joyce, who, for page after page, compels us to listen to the jabberings — I cannot call them subhuman, but they are certainly subrational, and often obscene — of the idiot or flat-headed savage that talks unheard in the backward abyss of our minds and screams audibly in delirium.

Why should enterprising fiction (of course, it is only a small section of modern fiction which betrays these characteristics) now be turning toward this ex-

treme subjectivism? One can think of many reasons: mistrust of sentiment, moral skepticism, lack of interest in the big common world — due to the fabric of society having had such an ugly shake and things being in a bewildering mess, old types losing their definiteness, prestige values being questioned at every turn, and no one quite knowing where he is, either on the social ladder or the moral ladder. Take away interest in recognizable types, the nobleman, soldier, lawyer, squire, clerk, parson, doctor, shopkeeper, mechanic; take away gust in expressing moral indignation and confident joy in melting over goodness; take away interest in getting on and in social prestige, and how much of the stock in trade of the older novelist goes with them! No wonder the younger novelists are given to putting moods under the microscope and to relying upon dreams, fantasies, and queer momentary experiences for their subject matter.

Perhaps it is all of little importance — only a temporary wave, bound soon to crash, and *not*, as I was inclined to say just now, the beginning of a general and prolonged withdrawal of interest from old staple subjects. A real change. Well, perhaps — I must say I hope so. The only thing which makes me doubtful is the new poetry.

Now poetry is the most sensitive branch of literature, and the first to be symptomatic of real change. Specifically modern poetry is most peculiar. It is so absurdly obscure, so freakish in its exaggerations, so willful in the associations which it expects the reader to grasp, so brazenly idiosyncratic in mood, so regardless of sequence and syntax, so unaccommodating in subject and rhythm, so determined to avoid the simple and familiar, that one's impulse is to dismiss it at once as the most hopeless literary imposture ever doomed to extinction. Yet the very

extravagance of the faults of this poetry argues a skepticism regarding tradition and old standards so complete that it disquiets me — as a symptom. Here and there a poem — in the midst of balderdash only too closely resembling it — arrests us by its queer beauty and its unmistakable authenticity.

I said a poem — I might have said a poet. T. S. Eliot is a 'new' poet. Certainly criticism cannot ignore him. I should wander too far from my theme if I stopped to discuss him; but one thing I want to say about him, since it bears on the question whether this recession from the taste and standards of the older generation is tidal only or a temporary backwash or wave. The chief characteristic of his work, which is so far monotonous, is that nearly all his poems, either directly or by implication, are laments that it is impossible *now* to maintain that attitude toward the world from which great poetry has sprung in the past. The contrast between the splendor of life as it is reflected in poetry with the meanness of actual experience — that is his perpetual theme. He produces many of his effects by tessellating golden phrases from the old poets with phrases of his own, which stick like postage stamps to the thing described, and reveal the nausea and dejection with which reality fills him. This is not plagiarism, but a method; and the object of it is ever the same — to express a spiritual state which mystics call 'dryness,' a sad consciousness of inability to respond gratefully and enthusiastically to life.

I have not read these poems of T. S. Eliot's often enough to form an estimate fit to carry weight either with you or with myself, but I am certain of this — that he is at least a *genuine* poet, and that it is sincerity, not hypochondria, that determines his work. He is too sincere to be content to retail

the ancient divinations of the Muse — without believing in them; her glorious phrases fit no experience of which he can say, 'That was mine, I believe in it.' All that is then left to him is to make poetry out of his disability. The significant fact is that he is a leader among the young and recognized as having expressed what they feel.

Take from nature all sense of mystery, from great names the glamour of romance, and from history a purpose, add to love the suspicion that it is a delusion and a state of excitement which has little to do with its object, and, indeed, there seems little left for a poet to sing except his desolation. Perhaps poetry, which rose with the magic conception of nature, may also not survive its decay. This is one of the doors which open on to my corridor; I invite you to go in. I can only knock at it now and pass on.

I am convinced that nearly all the new poetry is worthless, but the movement may produce a poetry which is a *vinum dæmonium* — a poison with some virtue as a medicine, I do also believe.

Posterity will be the judge of that, you may say; and that word 'posterity' brings me to the second part of my subject — those larger, longer, deeper fluctuations in taste which have alternately diminished and aggrandized the fame of writers in the past, just as we see before our eyes fashion and the differences between two generations, exalting to-day now one name, now another.

Whenever we feel doubtful about our own judgments we appeal — don't we? — to posterity; and when we wish most emphatically to assert our admiration of an admired author we say, 'He will live,' meaning that posterity will agree with us, or of a neglected one that posterity will discover him. It never occurs to us that posterity may be an

ass, as stupid as ourselves or our forbears. Yet, if we watch the vicissitudes of the fame of authors over long periods, some of whom have survived with added life and glory (*for us*), some as mere library mummies, it is clear that posterity, in the sense of successors, has as often been in the wrong as in the right *from our point of view*. I do not intend to follow in detail the history of the fame of any one writer. I might take Byron, for example, and show how the glorious sky-wide combustion of his fame shrinks soon to a marsh light; how then Matthew Arnold, exasperated by such unfairness, exalts him to a seat beside Keats and Wordsworth (screams of indignation from Swinburne); how Arnold prophesies that, when the end of the nineteenth century comes, everyone of any judgment will agree.

It comes — the end of the nineteenth century (Matthew Arnold is dead); Byron's fame is still at a very low ebb, in spite of such hearty swashbucklers as Henley — 'A twopenny poet and a farthing man' is Lionel Johnson's verdict. An absurd verdict? Yes, but Lionel Johnson was no mean critic, and one of the chief exponents of poetic sensibility of his day. Fifteen, twenty years pass, and we are certain that Byron was 'a great man'; by no means sure that his poetry is of the highest quality, but positive that for the middle-flights poetry, when he talks, as in 'Don Juan' and 'Beppo,' on paper, and does not declaim, there are few or none to touch him in his own province. It is incredible, we feel, that our estimate of the relative values of 'Don Juan' and 'Childe Harold' should be reversed. Yet why should it not be? Posterity has been an ass before; why should it not be wrong again?

Or take Donne. The occultation of his fame over long periods is curious. He begins as the poet of the exquisites,

the passionate few. He is famous long before he is printed. During his lifetime his poems were only circulated in manuscript. Perhaps, until quite recently, he may be said to have had during his life the quintessence of his literary fame. To Pope — to posterity — he is still a great poet; but a poet who requires to be rewritten; his verse is diamondiferous rubble. Later, Johnson is much colder toward him. When a lady says that she prefers Donne's own satires to Pope's versions of them, the Doctor only growls, 'Well, Madam, I can't help that.' It is not worth discussing.

Years pass, and Coleridge and the romantics rediscover Donne, admire in him 'meaning press and screw,' though his verse does trot like a dromedary. His love poems, in which a fastidious young literary man to-day refuses to see any fault, to Coleridge are attempts to wreath the pokers into lovers' knots. Yet the romantic generation admired him when they happened to read him.

When we come to the next generation we find that admiration has not spread. Browning revels in him, but his love of Donne is a kind of secret joy and private possession, from which, it may be added, he learns himself a good deal. Not until after Norton, Saintsbury, Chambers, and Grierson have written about Donne and edited him does he step into what seems to us now indubitably his rightful place in English literature.

All these generations, in turn, were 'posterity' to their predecessors. The love of the young generation for the metaphysical poets is a curious thing; it is, I think, due to sympathy with their attempt 'to go behind and beyond nature,' which was so repulsive to the age of Queen Anne. Partly, it is a reaction against the faith-poetry and nature-poetry of Shelley and Words-

worth. Well, now Donne is again where he was in his lifetime.

It seems to us impossible that the fame of Shakespeare should ever be tarnished, but, since that has happened in the past, there is really no reason why it should not happen again. After Shakespeare's death seven folio editions of his works were published, but Cowley had far more readers than Shakespeare or Milton. Nor were Cowley's readers rabble. Cowley was not an easy poet; his Pindarics were only admired by the cultured. Shakespeare, though his first edition was brought out thirty-three years before Cowley's first, did not reach his fourth edition till four years after Cowley's works were in their seventh.

Shakespeare, it is true, was kept before the minds of three generations in the eighteenth century by Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and Johnson. But the estimation in which he was held was very different from that worship bestowed upon him by the romantics or by us. It was difficult for neoclassical eighteenth-century lovers of literature to swallow Shakespeare. They did, but they made wry faces over it. 'Dryden,' you remember, in Johnson's opinion, 'had found English poetry brick and left it marble.' Shakespeare was a mighty architect, but to Johnson he built in brick. We must not forget that besides praising Shakespeare magnificently he also said, 'He has corrupted the language by every mode of depravation.' You find Gibbon lamenting that Shakespeare *has* to be so much admired. There is a touch of contempt, too, in Goldsmith's reference, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 'to Shakespeare and musical glasses.' And did not your poet Burns write of that stone-dead, stilted play, *Douglas*, of which but one line remains, 'My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills I roam,' and which we, too, in

those days should no doubt have awfully admired, —

Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan.

Horace Walpole, writing to Bentley, says, I remember, that *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he had just seen, was 'forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of an Italian opera book.' We know Horace Walpole's limitations, but, remember, he was a connoisseur. It is symptomatic of the general taste that such a man should pass such a judgment. (I cannot think of an exact parallel to Walpole among living men of letters, but how impossible it would be for, say, a modern exquisite, like Max Beerbohm, to feel like that about *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

I could add to these instances, but I will only mention one other which shows how strong a wind was then blowing against the poetry we admire most. We find Mrs. Montague, a somewhat pompous bluestocking, winning contemporary fame by coming to Shakespeare's rescue. Her essay is peppered with phrases like, 'I tremble for Shakespeare'; 'I am a little jealous for poor Shakespeare.' Well, well, her tremblings no doubt did her credit, but they strike us as rather unnecessary. Shakespeare weathered the wind all right.

And that brings me to a point you have probably been waiting for me to reach.

It is true that the reputations of authors which we consider it almost insane to question have gone up and down, and we see that the judgment of posterity in the past has been, according to our notions, far from reliable, while, from its behavior in the past, we must conclude that it will be also unreliable in the future. Yet certain authors have survived. Posterity goes back to them, if only to marvel that

they were once thought perfect. Still, it goes back to choose, perhaps, new points in them for admiration. And it is not only the reputations of men of letters which wink and go out like a crazy lighthouse. Run over in your mind the history of the fame of Joan of Arc. The humanists of the Renaissance took little interest in her — she was too gothic; to the reformers of the Reformation she smelled of idolatry; during the seventeenth century her memory was preserved as an appendix to the life of Charles VII; to Voltaire she was a joke, and to the post-French Revolution men she was still too queer a figure for notice; the *émigrés* took no notice of her; Chateaubriand did not dare to introduce her into his *Le Génie du christianisme*; then in France she became a symbol of patriotism, an idea of which she had no conception; and to the world at large she has recently become a prime example of a mysterious force which cuts across and triumphs over the strength of practical men. The Roman Church has canonized her, and the Prophets of the Evolutionary Religion — Shaw, for example — have adopted her as a true saint.

It is rather amusing that two such hostile religions should both claim her. I had an interesting talk once with a priest about Saint Joan. He was ready to be impressed, and, indeed, to be astonished, at Shaw's insight, but he said he had made one bad blunder — he had supposed that sanctity was a form of originality, that the 'saint' was necessarily a religious genius who added something to religion. Of course, to Shaw the saint must be. According to him, what is really significant about us all is that we are all, more or less, luminous nuclei in the albumen of a universal egg, and that some brains let through 'the light of the world' better than others — these are the

geniuses and the saints: the term is interchangeable for him. This is, by the bye, a religion which is only likely to appeal to those who are conscious of being themselves original.

However, what seems clear is that the figures of literature and history only live in the thoughts of men on the condition that they change their aspect. Humanity is only interested in past ages and dead authors in so far as it can attribute to them its own passions and thoughts. The kind of fame which is distinguishable from 'the bubble reputation,' which, after a short or long period, bursts and goes out, is based upon some quality in a writer or a man which makes it possible for succeeding generations to admire him for different reasons. In that sense the verdict of posterity is, indeed, the surest test we have of greatness.

As the contemporaries of an author, we cannot, of course, possibly tell if his work has this magic power of continually accommodating itself to new angles of vision, new ways of feeling. It has been sometimes thought that European fame during a lifetime is a sign that an author possesses it. That seems to me highly doubtful. I was reading the other day a rather pathetic book, the *Autobiography of Martin Tupper*. He was, if ever there was one, an example of a 'bubble reputation.' After he had been made a Fellow of the Royal Society on the strength of his literary attainments, after enjoying the widest circulation in the world, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, when he sat down in the eighties to write his life, had become the scorn and whipping boy of every reviewer: 'only worthy of Tupper' was a current phrase of abuse. He was a rather dense, plaintive, vain old fellow. His autobiography is a string of laudatory extracts from contemporary opinion. I will quote one from the *Saturday Review*

which bears on the point of the value of foreign fame: —

If men delight to read Tupper both in England and America, why should not they study him both in the nineteenth century and in the twentieth? The judgment of persons who are more or less free from insular prejudices is said in some degree to anticipate that which is admitted to be the conclusive verdict of posterity.

You see, world fame is not a safe indication of greatness.

I will conclude by paraphrasing a passage from Sainte-Beuve.

Posterity is like an immense army, compact and ever-increasing, on which a man can only make an impression and over which he can only triumph

by repeated victories. A man dies full of glory; he may well believe himself a victor and go to sleep in triumph. Like Mithridates, his last sight may be of the flying Romans. A delusion! A few years after, all his work is again under consideration, if he is not already half forgotten in the crowd of new writers, by the young who never knew him, and who are inclined to be skeptical about his great achievements which their fathers admire. His credentials are there in his works, but each new generation doubts his living force. Repeated resurrections from the mausoleum alone can prove that a powerful spirit lies there, formidable even in silence and the shades.

SNObs AND PROUST¹

BY COUNT A. DE LUPPÉ

ALL of Proust's work, in both its fine and shameful aspects, has at last been illuminated, and the author is revealed to us as a man dominated by his faith in the book itself and as one who has turned against his long-cherished passion for Society, which nevertheless he continued to describe. Society, to be sure, is only one aspect of his work. There are others that make it forbidden and dangerous to read. His notoriety, however, is such that we fear we must give our readers the elements on which a literary appreciation of the author can be based.

This worldly aspect is an important one, for the materials Proust chose to describe, and everything that he ob-

served, are set in a worldly background that his own spirit transcends, to be sure, but that remains the form the author has selected to illustrate his ideas. Before abandoning the salons and bringing to life what he was carrying around within him, Marcel Proust passed his most vivid days in that milieu. Except for certain dates that he has voluntarily changed, — and he began writing before the war, — his work is sincere. Even when he was serenely at work on his book, his feverish, almost unhealthy, love of Society, which drove him into retreat in the middle of Paris, where he was accessible only to the friends of arts and letters, impelled him toward that *temps perdu, recherché, retrouvé* — that lost, sought-after, rediscovered time.

¹ From *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly), March 25

His simple evolution we can now measure, for it composes the limpid and majestic contents of those long volumes during whose reading one becomes so aware of the passage of time.

But it was a slow evolution. Wisdom — in other words, sickness and maturity — suddenly made him realize that he did not have enough time to realize the purpose for which he was born. His days were already numbered, and even in his book the worldly life he describes only abates at the end.

One base, in fact the only base, of worldly life is snobbishness. This redoubtable but vague word is constantly being thrown at one's head. The dictionary describes it as 'a forced and foolish admiration for whatever is in vogue.' The more the word 'forced' seems arbitrarily to exclude all sincerity in a snob, the more infinite, according to this definition, is the domain of this word, for it includes everything, from the color of a cravat to purely social ambitions. From the latter point of view snobbishness is both the feeling that a social hierarchy exists and the desire to frequent the society of people who are considered superior, or at least the desire to imitate them.

Snobbishness possesses all of a man, both his intelligence and his passions. One person will impose on another and will make that other person discover and learn the rules of worldly life followed by the people whom the snob has selected as ideal. Rules and laws will change and vary according to time and place, and they will also alter with the snob's point of departure. It will also depend on which citadel he wishes to conquer, whether it is Mme. Verdurin's salon or the salon of the Duchesse de Guermantes. All splendor is relative, and snobs exist on every scale of the worldly ladder. The snob must adapt himself and possess the

spirit of finesse, avoiding mistakes at all costs.

As for very elegant persons who usually possess a multitude of titles and constitute the type most sought after by snobs, although certain groups may ignore them completely and direct their assaults on other objectives, they too can be attained by a negative form of snobbery. Such people consider it elegant to break the rules, to kick over the traces.

To Proust the life of Society is a tissue of snobbery, and his work is totally dominated by the invincible attraction of one family, the symbol of the highest nobility, adorned with the quintessence of elegance and superior in all its parts — the Guermantes. Before he perceived the rapid flight of time, whose last few hours he had to seize hold of hastily, Proust's one desire as a young man was to elevate himself from the Swann's circle to the Guermantes' circle.

Let us forget the complex constitution of Proust's work and the new manner in which he envisaged and described reality. We shall then see in this work a long promenade among the various groups that constitute Society, existing side by side yet almost completely shut off from each other. Each of these groups, and indeed all French society, has its strongly marked peculiarities, its usual clientele, its characters, its maintainers who are held in place by social position. For social position exists just as definitely as theatrical procedure, and follows a similar repertory, or set of traditions. There are actors and actresses in Society whose talent seems to increase the more times a piece is performed. But the reasons for any person's supremacy often seem inexplicable if one does not know exactly why a certain family of recent and mediocre origin is on display while another

family is forgotten, or why some unattractive, ugly man without a distinguished name finds himself a king of Society. It is an unstable, ephemeral situation, especially if the man who plays the leading part does not take the trouble to maintain his position.

There is no such thing as equality; there are merely various forms of social supremacy. Suddenly, or by gradual effort and obscure labor, these supremacies are established. Yet they are only half alive. Death is the one shadow that falls across Society, for facts take precedence over lies. Furthermore, the social hierarchy seems illogical, since two intrinsically equal social positions do not give forth the same lustre, and in social advancement merit counts for nothing; the law of battle rules, and each one fights in his own battle, either by ruse or by force. In this way Swann detaches himself from the bourgeoisie and becomes the familiar of dukes and princes, while Odette de Cr  cy, a demimondaine, gradually establishes herself in a world which she used to know only through her lovers. Likewise Mme. Verdurin changed her bourgeois name to the Princesse de Guermantes on the day she discovered new fields to conquer. Whereas people who give up the fight become like Mme. de Villeparisis, and their high birth is forgotten.

Even the Duchesse de Guermantes, in her old age, indulges her taste for amusing society, but always on the side, until she finally lets herself go and her prestige dwindles. M. de Charlus, as he grows older, stops observing himself, succumbs to his vice, and falls ill. His autocratic rule in Society, based on terror, instantly collapses.

Thrones of this kind, whether built up rapidly or slowly, disappear suddenly. The day after his death Swann is denied by old friends, who tell his daughter Gilberte out of pity that they

believe they remember having once met her father long ago. Gilberte herself, the daughter of a bourgeois and a demimondaine, changes her name from Mlle. Swann to Mlle. de Forcheville. But later, as the Marquise de Saint-Loup, she resumes in her widowhood a path that quickly removes her from the brilliant worldly setting. To most men these positions seem unstable and fragile — and in any case worldly life is a life of effort. This warlike atmosphere, with its possible victories and defeats, gives the snob a certain air of nobility.

In this worldly universe of Proust's certain gods exist. The absence of any court gives an added lustre to princes, who automatically move up into the front rank, and likewise to foreign princes, whom France always greets hospitably. Proust, bringing in real names as he often does, shows us Odette meeting the Princesse Mathilde in the Bois. But the latter is generally reproached by Society for opening the doors of her salon too wide. The various Highnesses that we encounter in Society are concealed under imaginary names — the King of Naples, the Princesse de Luxembourg, and especially the Princesse de Parme, whose kindly, democratic, direct manner seems to say: 'Give to all those whom celestial goodness has seen fit to place beneath you whatever you can give them without losing your rank, — in other words, financial aid, and even care in the hospital, — but never invite them to your soir  es, for it would do them no good, and in diminishing your own prestige you would remove all efficaciousness from your beneficent action.'

Thus the Highnesses overwhelm less elegant and less well-born people with kindness. At Balbec the Princesse de Luxembourg buys rye bread for Proust's grandmother. In the Bois de

Boulogne the Princesse Mathilde stops for Mme. Swann, who is not received socially. The Princesse de Parme, while dining at the *Guermantes*, treats young Proust very amiably, visits his mother *during the day*, and stays an hour. It is part of the business of these titled people to promenade condescendingly through the world and to bestow equal smiles on all their inferiors — in other words, upon everybody. Only a few rare people, occasional families enriched by some princely alliance, fail to go in for this uniform amiability. Having conquered the susceptible Mme. Verdurin with her graciousness, the Queen of Naples, hearing her insult the Baron de Charlus, takes the arm of her offended cousin and leads him away, squelching the hardy bourgeois lady with a single look.

To speak to titles in the third person, not to sit down before they do, to have one's self presented to them — these are the rules that one must know, and they form a part of the unwritten social code that regulates the hierarchy, the values, the customs, and all the complicated details of this collective life which takes the form of a perpetual theatrical performance. The importance of this code is such that one can classify the most important milieus depicted by Proust by whether they know or ignore these rules, or whether, knowing them, they accept or refuse them.

In the front rank of the great nobility whose principal effort is to maintain social customs, Proust depicts the *Guermantes* family, the eldest member of which, the Duc de *Guermantes*, has married one of his *Guermantes* cousins. These *Guermantes* inherit from ancient French nobility numerous titles, — the Prince des Laumes, Baron de Charlus, Marquis de Saint-Loup, — which are not used or kept in stock, but are temporarily lent, not on the basis of

choice, but in accordance with strict laws. They have also contracted alliances with foreign families, especially the numerous dynasties that used to reign in Eastern or Southeastern Europe. Hence their elegance and their importance in the world. Their importance also arises in certain measure, and in so far as such things can possess importance, from a feigned natural superiority, and even a certain intellectual superiority. This superiority, to be sure, is purely relative. It is incapable of original views on literature, art, or any subject that does not concern the world. But it is a superiority compared to the vacuity of others.

Then there is the middle nobility. In order to understand its infinite nuances one must study it profoundly and possess marvelous tact, or at least a quick, monocled eye for worldly values. This world perhaps occupies the most delicate, the most envied and misunderstood position. It is divided against itself, and destined, for want of a king, never to be elevated. Furthermore, it is always in danger of disappearing from the social scene within a few years. The world I refer to is the Faubourg Saint-Germain. It can so easily lose its distinction and the only rank it possesses — the rank of being next to the first, for it is not the first.

Each of these families, constituting as they do the French nobility, has its joy and its torment in the prospect of an illustrious alliance. Each of these families believes that it must attach itself to one of the first-rank families, a princely or ducal line, and thus attract to itself a ray of their glory; and it tells this to everybody.

Those who recognize worldly laws bow down before them, undergoing their rigors and striving to attain the benefits they promise. Such people are positive snobs, all of whom, whatever their rank may be, live in the wake of

people more elegant than themselves. But there are also people who ignore the hierarchy and the laws of the world, but merely suspect their existence, or, if they know of such things, revolt against them. Such types are found in the infinite number of little groups, little coteries, little salons, and little circles that abound in Paris and the provinces, and that are often as difficult to enter as the Guermantes' circle. They are hothouses of naïveté and worldly jealousy.

There is no character in Proust so detached from the world as not to be strongly anchored to some milieu. Each of these human groups has its code, each realizes the existence of the others, often ignores their laws, and, either in admiration or criticism, never fails to render homage, rightly or wrongly, to the existing hierarchy and to the laws of precedence. A feeling for hierarchy and a code of precedence exists within each of these groups, into which each person is born with a rank fixed by certain mysterious limits.

All these groups, being conscious of themselves and of their relative positions in the hierarchy, — aware, in other words, of their superiority or inferiority, — maintain a more or less veiled politeness toward one another in spite of their fundamental incompatibility. Not only are these strict categories incapable of liking each other, but it is physically impossible to mix them. They are like oil and water. Put various members of these different worlds in a salon, and the atoms that resemble each other will come together. Each person will gravitate toward his peers, and a miniature picture of all Paris will form itself before your eyes.

But between these diverse groups circulate liaison agents who enjoy the intimacy of several such circles. The groups either realize this state of affairs

or ignore it. They often doubt its existence, but prefer not to mention it. This may be due to uneasiness, to difficult decisions involved, or merely to the fact that the situation does not interest them, since they have so many other things on their conscience. And in any case their faces are saved. The bold invaders of enemy soil are generally men, since they are more skillful at sinking their social nationality, and have less to lose anyway.

In Proust's world the author himself best exemplifies this type. Both in fiction, since he is the author, and actually, since it is a kind of autobiography, he introduces us to thoroughly distinct opposing circles, where he gives rein to this reserved curiosity so peculiar to his nature. He shows us his family in Combray or in Paris, he shows us the Guermantes and the Verdurins. Moreover, we see Swann, who is familiar with the larger world and is an intimate friend of the Guermantes, calling at the modest house at Combray, or taking his leave of the Prince of Wales to attend the Verdurins' soirée or to visit Odette's tawdry surroundings.

Certain of Proust's characters, each of whom belongs to a very definite and limited milieu, live two or even three worldly lives, and often ignore one or the other of these groups and even their original background. Mme. de Guermantes would be much astonished to see her brother-in-law Charlus so intimate with Mme. Verdurin, whose name perhaps she would not have known in the good old days of Balbec and Raspelière. As for Swann, an habitué of the grand world and a member of the Jockey Club, Proust's great-aunt in Combray treated him like an inferior person. Often such refugees carefully conceal their more elegant contacts, and when such characters encounter each other in their peregrinations a

kind of complicity arises. Some of their exploits may go on the rocks, and in this way Swann, and later Charlus, were excluded from Mme. Verdurin's circle, and Bloch from the house of Mme. de Villeparisis. But as a general rule if one is careful one can go on living as if one belonged to several milieus.

Self-interest is the chief motivating power behind these social mixtures. It is the surest and most durable. It cements transgressions of social laws by the bonds of marriage, that great leveler of social differences, an institution that is guarded by the type of woman who always marries wholeheartedly and who gets nothing but black ingratitude for her pains. Mlle. de Forcheville, born Gilberte Swann, is married for her fortune by Saint-Loup, the nephew of the Duchesse de Guermantes, who for a long time would not receive the girl's mother. Mme. Verdurin meets an astounding fate in marrying the Prince de Guermantes, but a commercial operation can be executed at any age. Furthermore, one must not too hastily condemn a person who has sold his title for money, since the woman gave her money for a title. They were quits.

Another but more ephemeral motive power is snobbery, a compelling love for the great world. Unconscious snobishness impels the author every morning when he finds himself walking toward the Duchesse de Guermantes' house in order to bow to her, and when he tries every means to get himself invited there. He then spends his life in a milieu that he thinks nothing of, and whose ridiculousness he appreciates but which he could not do without. Allied to snobism are certain intellectual reasons that favor the interpenetration of various social classes, for the world of Society loves to give itself the air of being the cult of an in-

telligence which it in no way possesses, at any rate collectively.

Hence the prestige of men of talent or spirit. At the beginning of his liaison with Odette, Swann impresses her with the study he is making of Vermeer, and his position with the Guermantes is certainly due to his brains, his taste, and his cultivation. Young Marcel is received at their house partly as a 'little neighbor,' but also because these adroit showmen, these skillful directors of social traffic, discerned his literary capabilities in spite of his article for the *Figaro* that never appeared. At least, they recognized that he possessed a sensibility a thousand times more refined than that of their ordinary friends. To be received for one's talents and not for one's birthright is humiliating or glorious, depending on one's point of view, and it is at any rate a form of homage that Society pays to intelligence. Furthermore, since there are two parties to every contract, it can also be said that the man of intelligence only goes out because he wishes to do so.

Other motives besides snobbishness may also be at work. Love and the beauty of Odette prevent Swann from at once recognizing the vulgarity and spitefulness of Mme. Verdurin, and as desires and passions increase the causes for such contacts multiply, one of the parties paying, if such a thing is possible, in the form of satisfied snobbishness what the other party demands. Intellectual motives are certainly the weakest, for intellect in the eyes of Society is not a matter of prime necessity, and once curiosity on this score is satisfied boredom and fashion eventually remove all value and foundation from openings thus secured. Habit, however, is also present, and keeps your name on the lists. Intellectual needs, desires, and snobbishness play their conflicting parts, one after the

other. Whichever passion is strongest at any given moment carries the day and leads a Swann or a Charlus into inferior groups. But the law that separates the different circles gradually restores stability.

Among other things that the war verified is that any situation can be created and any situation can be destroyed. Anyone can rise or fall. In Proust everything is in an incessant state of evolution, an inexorable machine keeps on grinding and forcing men and things toward old age. The whole work is dominated by the notion of time.

The description of Society as he saw it occupies a large place in Proust's work. When he was so taken with Gilberte as a young man he introduces us through Swann to the Guermantes and the Verdurin circle in their early days, and the last volume contains that post-war reception when the inanity of Society suddenly appears to him, and where time is suddenly recaptured.

The chief social effect brought out by Proust is the contrast between the great world of the Guermantes and the Verdurins' little coterie. There are almost parallel scenes — the dinner at the Guermantes' with the Princesse de Parme, and the Verdurins' luncheon where Swann consummates his ruin. Then there is Odette's salon, frequented by Mme. Cottard during Mme. Swann's day and by the Duc de Guermantes during the day of Mlle. de Forcheville. Proust's highly developed feeling for antithesis — a fundamental, not merely a formal, antithesis — revels in such contrasts.

But all these figures, all these customs and different backgrounds for such apparently different occasions, have a strict code of conventions and rules in common, and all of them are filled with the bitter atmosphere of battle. All

these milieus are alike in that they dismiss intelligence and kind-heartedness, and no enemy group can boast that it is treated better or finds more grace in Proust's pitiless eye. Different as the Verdurins and the Guermantes are, neither has any cause to envy the other. Nevertheless, because of their elegance and an indefinable air of superiority, the Guermantes are the ones that Proust prefers, in spite of the fact that their defects and absurdities are as grave as those of the Verdurins.

The absurdities peculiar to snobs are carefully described, both at length and in rapid strokes. We pass through a monocled gallery filled with a thousand forms of worldly pettiness. In Odette's salon the visiting cards are put in a conspicuous position, as are also letters and telegrams, to show who is being received. 'Swann's salon thus resembled the kind of watering-place hotel where messages are posted.' We also encounter a thousand public or intimate forms of vanity. Prince Gilbert de Guermantes puts his wife, Marie Gilbert, on his left because in spite of her royal blood she is less well-born than he.

Proust also takes note of vice. As we advance in his book we perceive with amazement that the characters whom we imagined as most sympathetic and normal are adepts at the vice that gives its name to a whole part of the book, or at least are suspected of it. When one character wishes to damage the reputation of the other, the greatest discretion is at once imposed, and evil report is always circulated by insinuation and half-certainties. Few indeed are the characters that find grace in the eyes of the author, who is always ready to defame them, and seems to raise them up only to cast them down. Swann is treated the least badly. If Proust does finally allow a shadow to fall across the figure

of his dear Duchesse de Guermantes, Swann remains almost intact, and a happier figure than Saint-Loup, who changes from a seductive youth into an unattractive older man.

Each rung of the social ladder as presented by Proust is bad, and it is a pessimistic and cruel excursion he makes among the various salons. François Mauriac justly remarked that Proust's universe is falsified by a too exclusive point of view that never glanced for so much as a moment on any effort or any ideal. He saw every vice and every form of snobbishness, but he forgot, or perhaps never met, another kind of snobbishness, infinitely more rare, to be sure — the snobbishness of great things that elevates a man.

People have asked if Proust's description of Society was exact. They wanted to recognize names, people, real occurrences, and find the keys to his work. It has become a current mania. Certainly such keys exist. No one ever spent years in the stuffy atmosphere of the salons without being impregnated with their malicious gossip, each item of which makes the rounds of every group before it dies. Many of the characters can be and have been identified; and we also discover familiar words, real experiences, and absurd occurrences that actually took place. But we should be deceiving ourselves if we persisted too long in these efforts. Proust was not trying to be an historian of Society; he only wished to be its chronicler. He carried all his worldly acquaintances within him, and he redistributed and recreated them as the type that composes one book is returned to the printing case to form another. Qualities from various people are amalgamated into a single character who only lived a real life in the author's imagination.

If certain lacunæ in his work were not intentional, they show that he did

not effectively penetrate every circle. He knew Society in its public aspect, but he never gained access to its intimate side; for whatever one may say, Society has an intimate side where it ceases to be Society and becomes pure family life. Even before the war, when the relations between parents and children were gradually growing more distant, family life had not ceased to exist. There were, of course, social show-windows that young Proust and other clients frequented, but only a few people enjoyed access to the stairway leading to the room where the lovely keeper of the shop, her husband, and her children dwelt. Have you noticed in Proust's book that with the exception of Gilberte hardly any children appear? And she is scarcely a child herself.

He also seems to know nothing of the activities of little circles or of life in châteaux, which occupy an important place in Society. There seems to be a simple explanation. Proust never penetrated there. He did not, or he could not, do so. In all probability he could not, for most of these groups are tightly closed; they are the last refuge of Society. Perhaps he had no desire to see the intimate life of the people he met in salons. One always feels that his was a personality apart, distant, isolated. He was so different from other men, so complicated, so detailed, so much more fragile.

Perhaps this life was closed to him. Society is hard even on those it receives and to whom it concedes all privileges up to a certain limit. But it is always understood that there is a certain bit of reserved ground, the last redoubt of social defense, which one must penetrate. And it is in that direction that snobbishness, which is never satisfied, always tends. There is where the snob begins to take real punishment. Such combats, to be sure, rarely

occur, and one avoids such frontier incidents if one is tactful. But merely to know that this frontier exists is enough to stab the delicate snob to the heart.

Proust did not encounter Society in both its public and its private aspect, and had he encountered it in the latter aspect he undoubtedly would have found less reasons to condemn it so incessantly — and to admire it so much. He would have seen the practical utility of traditions, and how they can inspire a rule of living. He would have seen that a noble name may be allied to kind-heartedness and intelligence, and that vice is not the necessary condition in which superiority dwells. These great men of the salons would have been more human, less limited and less seductive, less refined and less rude. Some would have been revealed as artists, some as literary men, and others would not have appeared to be wasting all their forces. He would have seen them intimately, in their shirt sleeves. The mother would have been

surrounded by her children and no one would have had to be on the defensive. But the fact that this was impossible does not invalidate the statement that his judgment was trebly falsified by snobbishness, susceptibility, and incomplete observation, and that Proust therefore overestimated the attraction of Society and underestimated its value.

At least, this was true in his youth; but one day he was liberated. The last volume of the *Temps Retrouvé* indicates clearly that peace descended upon him when he understood the inanity of social life, the vanity of snobbishness, and realized that one thing alone counted, — his work, — and that there was just time to bring it to completion.

And that work is the justification of Society, which, although maltreated, occupies such a large place. Receiving young Proust as a future Prince of Letters, Comte Hannibal de Bréauté-Consalvi and Oriane de Guermantes, Duchesse de Guermantes, saw clearly.

ISAAC MEEK¹

(*An Epitaph*)

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

HOOK-NOSED was I; loose-lipped. Greed fixed its gaze
In my young eyes ere they knew brass from gold.
Doomed to the blazing market place my days —
A sweating chafferer of the bought and sold.
Fawned on, and spat at; flattered, and decried —
One only thing men asked of me: my price.
I lived, detested; and, deserted, died;
Scorned by the virtuous; and the jest of vice.
And now, behold, blest child of Christ, my worth!
Stoop close: I have inherited the earth!

¹ From the *London Mercury*.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Women in Literature

LORD BIRKENHEAD aroused no little indignation among feminists in general and women writers in particular when he declared in a speech before the Authors' Club in London that women have no place in literature. In the last three centuries, he courageously announced, women authors have not held their own with men; 'nor is it an extenuation of that failure to reply that their liabilities have been different.' Even making allowance for such irritating disqualifications as maternity, which might be said to sterilize their literary activities, he is surprised at how few women have ever attained to literary distinction.

Of course he granted Sappho some merit, but he felt that her claim to immortality rested upon one short poem of about fourteen lines, and that all the rest was of minor importance. Nevertheless, her supreme genius was recognized by the admittedly great men of Greece. Coming to more modern times, he feels that the distinguished men in literature far outnumber and outdistance the women. 'The defense may be founded on the defects of education,' he asserted, 'though to that defense I could not assent at all, because literary genius has nothing whatever to do with education. Literary genius springs from certain innate and unconquerable qualities, and some of the greatest figures in literature have been persons who had nothing of formal methods of education.'

Lord Birkenhead graciously allowed a few indisputable claims to distinction, and placed Jane Austen near the

top of the list. The Brontës, too, deserved praise for having done so much with so little opportunity. George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, he said, was a masterpiece, but its author too much the philosopher, too introspective. The members of the Authors' Club were perhaps surprised to find high praise being accorded Ouida, but 'anybody who strikes a new and imaginative note has done a great thing in literature. I cannot tell you how many novels which sold in enormous numbers were produced by the example and inspiration of Ouida's *Under Two Flags*.' Speaking of the moderns, the Earl of Birkenhead said that he never allowed a book by Sheila Kaye-Smith to pass unnoticed.

In poetry the names of women 'have been few and inconsiderable. You would have supposed that women would be more poetic than men. Why are they not? Isn't it obvious that they ought to be, that they are less material, less crude, than men? How many women poets of the first quality have ever been produced in the world? What is the explanation? Is it a sex complex? Explanation there must be, disputation of the facts there cannot be.'

Replies to Lord Birkenhead's outburst flew thick and fast. 'The Londoner,' of the *Evening News*, declared that at a publisher's office he saw nine books piled in one column, 'all of them novels with gay paper jackets to them.' Upon glancing through them he discovered that a woman's name was on every jacket. The genial Robert Lynd came to the aid of his lady colleagues by asserting that so far as English fiction is concerned 'women

writers have certainly come near challenging the supremacy of the male.' After declaring that 'Jane Austen and the Brontës have no rivals among men writers, as Dickens and Scott have no rivals among women writers,' he excuses the female sex on the grounds that 'genius cannot appear except when circumstances are favorable, and circumstances have in the past been more favorable to the appearance of genius among men than among women.' But all this is changing, and circumstances are becoming so favorable that 'we may yet see a female Dr. Johnson pursued by a female Boswell from drawing-room to tavern, and a female Hazlitt going to hear a female Coleridge preach.'

Women writers challenged Lord Birkenhead at almost every corner, Miss Radclyffe Hall directly contradicting him with the statement that women novelists to-day are better than men, whereas Mrs. Belloc Lowndes excused the journalistic lord on the grounds of not being serious. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds said that women needed more time to lift themselves from the primeval mud in which the men have kept them. Sheila Kaye-Smith, who had been praised by Lord Birkenhead, showed her ingratitude by declaring that she did not see the necessity of drawing 'idiotic' sex distinctions in literature.

The words of Miss Cicely Hamilton ring with a more traitorous note: 'Women have been brought up as a parasitic race, and you don't get fine thoughts from a parasitic race. As long as women continue to prefer to see things through other people's eyes, they will not get the entirely free and independent outlook that is absolutely necessary.'

Aphra Behn might have made a more picturesque reply to Lord Birkenhead's speech, which may go down in

history as the last declaration for a male monopoly in the production of literature.

Soviet Student Life

FROM the euphonious *Comsomolskaya Pravda*, official organ of the Communist League of Youth, published in Moscow, we learn that the student's lot is not a happy one in unholy Russia. A report published in that journal, and representing years of effort on the part of experts in various fields, shows that poverty and nervous afflictions are rampant in the universities. Two thirds of the students at the Second Moscow State University live on twenty-one to twenty-five rubles a month (about twelve dollars), and twenty-seven per cent get along on even less. This means that most of them spend only ten kopecks on breakfast, twelve on dinner, and nine on supper. Nearly all the students eat at the Moscow Social Relief kitchens, where the food is neither good nor nourishing, and frequently contains insects. Forty per cent of the students are undernourished, and the rest are half hungry, or even famished. Their living quarters are miserable, and they seldom take baths or change their underwear.

Under these conditions it is not, perhaps, surprising that the relations between the sexes should be conducted on a higher plane than seems to exist at our own coeducational institutions. Questionnaires prove that only twenty per cent of the students stand for casual, temporary relations; the rest prefer a stable married life. The girls are treated with increasing politeness, fewer distinctions are drawn between Party and non-Party members, and a more friendly atmosphere prevails.

On the other hand, a new ambitious type is beginning to appear. This brand of student wants a snug berth

for himself, and is inclined to look down on women. The reason for this may be that the female students are of a higher standard than the males—supposedly because the present epoch encourages the feminine temperament. The old-fashioned girl is going out of style and is being replaced by up-to-date young women, full of initiative, and eager to change and influence their men or man, as the case may be. If present tendencies continue, the Russian male will be reduced either to a sort of drone or to a self-seeking opportunist, while the real progress of the country will rest in the hands of the women.

There is, however, some ground for optimism. Since education cannot be easily come by, it is valued enormously, and the students work from twelve to thirteen hours a day, and even more. Nervous afflictions, loss of sleep, and lack of exercise accompany this state of affairs, which should certainly tend to arrive at some sensible balance in the course of time. The Communist League rejoices over the fact that ninety per cent of the students read the newspapers, forty per cent the magazines, and twenty-eight per cent books on social problems outside their regular work. The teachers all agree that interest in study has grown perceptibly of recent years, especially along philosophical, ethical, hygienic, and theatrical lines.

Lost Memory Regained

STRANGE tales of lost memory are a not unfamiliar post-war phenomenon, but few of them can vie with the following story of a young British officer. On New Year's Eve of 1916-17 this man was seated with about a dozen other officers in a dugout on the Western Front, when he heard a warn-

ing explosion. He quickly grasped what he believed was his coat, and as he was thrusting one arm into the sleeve he was thrown to the ground by a terrific explosion. He awoke in a war hospital far behind the front, his memory a blank. He could remember neither his name nor any part of his previous life.

The doctors and nurses in the hospital told him that he was Captain de Montalt, a Canadian officer, and showed him letters in the pocket of the coat he had been putting on at the time of the explosion. Lacking the addresses of relatives and friends, as well as any conflicting evidence, he accepted the name. When he recovered from his injuries, he transferred to the Royal Air Force, and received a commission as second lieutenant. A crash while flying over the lines invalidated him out of the service, and he finally received a one-hundred-per-cent-disablement pension from the British Government.

Shortly before this a young officer whose legs had been blown away in a shell explosion died in de Montalt's arms, with a last request that when de Montalt got back to London he should visit the dying officer's sister. De Montalt did so, fell in love with the girl, and married her. For seven years they lived in a marital happiness marred only by de Montalt's worry over his identity.

One day this Canadian ex-officer overheard some people talking in a foreign language which, he discovered to his astonishment, he could understand perfectly. The language was Swedish, and de Montalt then began to doubt his nationality. While waiting in a government office to interview some official about a pension, he picked up a copy of the Swedish *Statskalendern*, which lists all the important officials and army officers of Sweden. Glancing through the book, his eye

suddenly caught a name which seemed strangely familiar — Gustaf Duner, an officer in the Swedish Army. It was his own name, and recollections of Sweden promptly flooded his awakened memory. Writing to the address given in the *Statsskalendern*, he learned that 'Herr Gustaf Duner was unfortunately killed on the Western Front at the end of 1916. I am his brother.' De Montalt went immediately to Stockholm to visit his joyous mother and brother.

Born in 1880, the son of a professor at Upsala University, Gustaf Duner earned a commission in the Swedish Army, from which he resigned to fight with the British in the Boer War. Thereafter he traveled around the world as a professional soldier until 1914, when he again joined the British forces. The coat which he had grasped in the dugout on the eventful New Year's Eve belonged to a Captain de Montalt who was killed by the explosion, and for ten years thereafter to all the world de Montalt lived and Gustaf Duner was dead.

The Perfect Briton

'FOREIGNERS,' announces the lordly editor of the *National Review*, 'should be able to understand what Englishmen mean when they claim to be Amateurs rather than Specialists at sports and games from the wonderful record of versatility of such a man as Lord Desborough.' To our benighted readers we therefore present the following epitome of this great man's exploits as compiled by his colleagues when he retired from the presidency of the Lawn Tennis Association: —

'He played cricket for Harrow in 1873-74, and won the Harrow Mile in 4 minutes, 36 seconds. At Oxford he ran against Cambridge in the three miles race in 1876, rowed against Cam-

bridge in the dead heat in 1877 and in the winning crew in 1878. He was Master of Oxford University Draghounds and President of the Athletic Club, Boat Club, and Achilles Club. He won the épée championship at the Military Tournament in 1904 and 1906; the punting championship for three years; stroked an eight-oar boat with sliding seats across the Channel; rowed from Oxford to London in one day; and twice swam across the pool at Niagara. He climbed the Little Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, Matterhorn, Weishorn, and Rothorn, in eight days. Lord Desborough has been, or is, President of the British Imperial Air Fleet Committee, the Croquet Association, the Fencing Association, the Épée Club, and the Lawn Tennis Association, and was one of the founders of Queen's Club, West Kensington, and of the Bath Club.'

Germany's Defeat

WHETHER the people betrayed the generals or the generals betrayed the people has been the subject of an inquiry by a German Reichstag Committee, and, although the report gives us no startling conclusions, it at least presents a good picture of just what was going on in Germany when the Armistice was signed. So far as the military debacle of 1918 was concerned, the Committee failed to attach the blame to anyone, and asserted that the General Staff worked always for the welfare of the Fatherland. Since the war was also being lost on the home front, the second part of the report deals with German peace propaganda, the attitude of the Reichstag, and the internal disorders which culminated in the naval revolution.

As early as 1917 many sailors were known to have joined the Social Democratic Party without the proved knowl-

edge of that organization, as a protest to the continuation of the war, but from that time until the autumn of 1918 no evidence of mutinous propaganda among the crews was found. The Reichstag Committee concluded that the insubordination that cropped out later was due to depleted morale caused by long inactivity, as well as to a general defeatist atmosphere which had given rise to the belief that a sea battle could not change the final result and was merely being ordered to flatter the romantic vanity of the admirals. At first the mutinies did not aim at a change in government, and neither central direction of the naval disturbances nor coöperation with political parties could be proved. Although the Kiel disturbances were the signal for uprisings throughout Germany, they were not the only cause of the revolution, for outbreaks in Munich and other South German towns occurred independently of the naval events, as did the demonstrations in Berlin on November 9. The report declares that the revolution was a surprise to the leaders of the Majority Socialists.

The Committee leaves unsettled the question of whether the Allies would have mitigated the terms of the Armistice had the Germans resisted to the last drop of blood, or whether the terms of the Treaty of Versailles would have been ameliorated had Germany refused to sign despite her military helplessness.

Political as well as academic interest is attached to the report, for the Socialists blame the military for the loss of the war, while the Nationalists uphold the *Dolchstoss*, or 'stab in the back' theory which declares that the German Army, victorious on all fronts, would have won the war had it not been for the deliberate and criminal activities of revolutionaries at home.

The present findings neither prove nor denounce the Dolchstoss theory; they avoid placing the blame upon persons, and attribute the national catastrophe to many impersonal causes. The Socialists and Communists, of course, submitted a minority report denouncing the Nationalist theory. Many more years will pass and many more volumes will be written before history will come to a final decision on the relative merits of these two views of why and how Germany lost the war.

Good-will Mummies

MEXICO has taken a hint from the foreign policy of the United States and has sent two Mexican mummies as ambassadors of good will to Japan. The Japanese Ministry of Education accepted the gifts from the Mexican State Museum with characteristic Oriental etiquette, reciprocating with a gift of several long-tailed cocks and hens. The mummies were the remains of a middle-aged woman and an eight-months-old baby girl, both of them in an excellent state of preservation and of unknown antiquity.

Several months ago they started on their journey from Mexico City to Tokyo, but somehow they disappeared along the way, and no trace could be found of their whereabouts until an advertisement appeared in a Tokyo newspaper offering them for sale. Upon investigation it was discovered that the mummies had been placed in the care of a friend of Secretary Chukichi Ishii of the Japanese Legation in Mexico. The man sailed with his strange gift, but died while at sea. Since members of his family believed that the mummies were his personal property, they offered them for sale, but the Japanese authorities, long anxious over the arrival of these silent messengers of peace and better under-

standing, claimed them. A special exhibition was held in the Tokyo Museum for the benefit of the few Japanese who are interested in Mexican mummies.

The New Tussaud's

SINCE Madame Tussaud's gallery of wax figures, which suffered from a disastrous fire some time ago, has moved into new quarters, curious tourists may once more be terrified by her Chamber of Horrors or edified by the kings and queens of England. The removal on stretchers of the lifelike figures from the factory to the museum is described by a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent as follows:—

'The first inhabitant of the new Tussaud's was Catherine of Aragon, who looked as queenly as was possible without her wig. Though bald, she was so beautiful that it is hard to believe that she was the cause of the Reformation. She was soon joined by George III, who did not seem to approve of being handled by the experts, while George II, in a scarlet coat, booted and spurred, submitted quietly to having his sword fixed. William of Orange stared haughtily from under his flowing wig, an effigy of heroism so impressive as almost to justify the worship of Macaulay.' A slight mishap occurred, but it was confined to the big toe of Queen Charlotte. Then all the kings and queens were lined up and photographed.

Most of Madame Tussaud's visitors have received their real thrill from the Chamber of Horrors, a crypt appropriately copied from the Norman chapel in the Tower of London. Here is the guillotine with the original knife that lopped off many of the noble heads of Imperial France. In the darkness the visitor may discern a pillory and gallows taken from some old jail. Ample space has been provided for the crimi-

nals in the new Tussaud's, and the visitor can gloat to his heart's content over their individual features. The old cutthroats, as well as a few more modern murderers, will each have his little niche of infamy. The preëminence of Charles Peace is recognized, for he is presented at the foot of the gallows about to expiate his crimes.

Almost all the mementos of the French Revolution, the nucleus about which the present collection has been gathered, were destroyed by the fire. Nothing but charred wreckage remains of the coach in which Napoleon rushed about Europe and which was captured at Waterloo. Fortunately the casts of the wax figures were not destroyed, and the visitor may still see Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette moulded from their own death masks. An expert costumer has made sure that the dresses are correct, and the famous folk in the new galleries are more gorgeously attired than ever.

More than forty celebrities have been added since the fire. Among these are Mussolini, Sir Oliver Lodge, the Pope, Hindenburg, Stanley Baldwin, and Thomas Hardy. Jack Hobbs, the famous cricketer, now sits in waxen immortality. A jungle of stuffed animals and a large motion picture theatre supplement the collection of wax models. Something of the old Victorian homeliness has disappeared, but the faithful waxen programmer is retained to deceive the visitor, as well as the policeman who will fail to answer when asked the way to the Chamber of Horrors.

Atlantis and Troy

SINCE Erich Bethe, in his latest researches, had suspected that the ancient citadel of Hissarlik was not the historical Troy, Dr. Albert Herrmann went him one better and introduced an

ingenious theory which places the erstwhile residence of the beautiful Helen in Northern Africa, or Atlantis. This lecturer in the University of Berlin says that the Trojan War was waged near Carthage, and not in the northwest corner of Asia Minor.

Dr. Herrmann declares that in locating the Atlantis to which Plato refers in his *Timæus* and *Critias* we forget that Plato owed much to a tradition which dates back to a time when the geographical horizon of the Greeks was more limited than it was in Plato's day. Place names on the borderlands of the geographical consciousness of ancient peoples often became confused, for such names were usually extended to the constantly expanding horizon. Atlantis, therefore, has nothing to do with our Atlantic Ocean, but is situated in North Africa on the Syrtis Minor, according to the theory of Professor Paul Borchardt, of Munich, which is supported by Dr. Herrmann's comparison of Greek geographical accounts with those of other Eastern peoples. In Greek geography, moreover, Atlantis as a mountain twice changed its place in Africa; and a still earlier Atlas was not a mountain at all, but the ancestor of a powerful people near the Syrtis Minor. Since Atlas and Atlantis mean the same thing, the Atlantic Sea belonged originally to this district. Similarly, the Pillars of Hercules, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, first belonged to the Syrtis Minor, and then were shifted to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Once we accept this explanation, we find that Plato's Atlantic Sea was nothing but what is now a salt marsh separated from the Syrtis Minor by a rise of land about thirteen miles wide. The narrow channel, originally con-

fused in the Greek geographical consciousness with the Straits of Gibraltar, is the present Shott el-Djerid. This strip of land was originally an inlet of the sea, for recent geological and topographical researches by the French indicate that a gradual elevation of the surface has taken place in historical times. And on this estuary stood a great city of lagoons, a veritable African Venice.

When Plato refers to Atlantis being as big as both Asia and Libya, he is thinking of the Atlantis that lay behind the Pillars of Hercules on the Syrtis Minor — the whole empire of Northwest Africa. Its capital, which stood on an inlet of the Atlantic, was this African Venice. The sanctuary of Poseidon to which Herodotus refers could very easily have been a fortress surrounded by three rings of water, and it is altogether probable that only this island of Atlantis, and not the whole country of Atlantis, was submerged in the Atlantic Sea by an earthquake.

Dr. Herrmann then asserts that this gigantic catastrophe did not take place about the year 5600 B.C., as Plato believed, but about 1200 B.C., at a time when Egypt was being harassed by the repeated attacks of Libyans and sea-faring peoples. These were the land and sea forces of Atlantis, whose capital was simultaneously besieged by the Greeks, almost all of whom perished in the earthquake catastrophe. Dr. Herrmann assures us that this war was the Trojan War of which Homer sang, and which he conveniently placed in Asia Minor. If this rather elaborate German explanation is true, then the Trojan War was not merely an expedition against a ducal stronghold, but a much greater conflict, brought to a sudden end by an earthquake.

BOOKS ABROAD

Suttee, by Edward Thompson. London: Allen and Unwin, 1928. 7s. 6d.

[*Spectator Literary Supplement*]

'HINDUISM,' writes Mr. Thompson, 'was from the first consistent and increasingly and inexorably diligent in one aim, that of surrounding the male creature with every comfort and dignity.' Later he writes of 'the gross and cruel glorification of man,' of which suttee is the most awful example. Now the burning alive of widows is one of the most terrible things in history, but the author is only stating a half-truth when he indicts the whole of Hinduism for this barbarity. Hinduism has, in theory, exalted the woman above the man, — the Shakti or female principle of nature is very generally worshiped above the gods, — although in practice we agree the Brahmins have permitted or condoned practices that even savages would abhor. Yet we must not allow ourselves to believe that the family life of a high-caste Hindu is generally anything but happy. The 'surplus women' of the West are often far unhappier than their sisters in India, for no woman there is denied her right to have a husband and a child.

Suttee, with its high test of courage, its immense devotion to an ideal of wifely duty which, however outmoded in our emancipated age, still holds its sway over Asia, was not derogatory to woman, but rather a proof of her strength. Originally it was a custom of the princely castes: a nation whose queens could face such a death unflinchingly cannot be said to be degenerate. Mr. Thompson hardly does justice to this point, but it is the only fault we can find in a very able and broad-minded study of a custom which it is singularly difficult for Western people to understand. He does full justice to the work of that great reformer, Ram Mohan Roy, who was the first Indian to strengthen the hand of our officials, at a time when they were hesitating

— and, we must admit, very understandably hesitating — to run counter to religious prejudices. It was only in 1829 that suttee was abolished by law throughout British India. Even then eight hundred high-caste Indians carried a petition to the Privy Council protesting against their women not being allowed to burn themselves alive.

If the British left India, would the practice revive? Probably it would, in certain isolated instances at any rate, for as lately as 1913, when the present writer was in Allahabad, an appeal came before the High Court there arising out of a case of suttee. The wife of Rammal, a Brahmin of Jarrowli, had insisted on burning herself alive. Her relations tried to dissuade her, but she was not to be influenced. When her husband was taken on his bier to the burning ghat she insisted on following him and paying the supreme sacrifice. She walked round the pyre seven times in orthodox fashion, stripped herself of all her ornaments, demanded some melted butter, which she poured over herself after mounting the catafalque. Lying down beside her husband, she demanded fire to be put under their two bodies. The spectators refused, — according to their story, — telling her that if there were any virtue in her she could produce the fire for herself. Whereon she whispered into the ear of the corpse and, raising her arms aloft, prayed to God. In a few moments flames were seen to lick round the funeral pyre. Between fifteen hundred and two thousand spectators attended this ghastly ceremony of only fifteen years ago. The appeal judge, delivering a lengthy judgment, did not believe the fire had sprung unbidden; he concurred with the trial judge that human hands had carried a match, and convicted five persons to various terms of imprisonment. 'The feelings and beliefs which prompt a suttee still exist,' he said, 'and but little encouragement is needed to revive the rite.'

In our opinion, — and it is also that of Mr. Thompson, — the influence of Mr. Gandhi and many another enlightened Hindu has been very strong against the practice; and although customs that have grown up through the centuries take more than a generation to eradicate, it is obvious that no Indian of the present day would tolerate such an atrocious holocaust as the burning of the three hundred concubines and ten wives of Raja Suchet Singh at his obsequies. Such a thing would be unthinkable. Individual cases of suttee might still occur, however, in isolated districts if the British were to withdraw. But we should be shortsighted indeed if we failed to see how the higher castes in India are emancipating themselves, and, while retaining what is best in their ancient religion, are discarding the superstitions and cruelties of an earlier time.

Many Cities, by Hilaire Belloc. London: Constable, 1928. 21s.

[V. Sackville-West, in the *Nation and Athenæum*]

I HOPE that Mr. Belloc will not take it amiss if I say that he reminds me in some degree of Mr. Cunningham Graham. There is no reason why he should take it amiss, except that it is almost as annoying for one writer to be compared to another writer as to be told that one has a double. Consider, however, the points in common. Both esteem the past, and the traditions of the past, far above the rush and vulgarity of the present. Both, as travelers, advocate the more leisurely methods of travel; which may seem a slight thing, but is in fact indicative of their whole attitude of mind. Both have the liveliest possible sense of the uncompromising dignity and reserve that they find in Spain; again, an indication of their general temperament. Both are masters of a prose style marred only by the occasional irritating archaism. Putting all these things together, we cannot but conclude that the flower of their writings has its roots in the same kind of soil — a soil enriched by the centuries, watered by the great streams of tradition, warmed by a southern sun, and overshadowed by 'that silent doom,' to quote Mr. Belloc, 'whereby

states far nobler and greater than our own must go to sleep at last, and die in their sleep.'

The many cities on which Mr. Belloc meditates are, naturally, all ancient cities, and most of them have a cathedral or at least a church, for his sense of history is sustained and irradiated by his passionate Catholicism. Indeed, the greater part of his book is constructed around a double, deliberate thesis: the surge of Islam, washing up to the last strongholds of Christianity, and retreating again, leaving the citadels of the True Faith triumphantly inviolate; and the correlated awareness of the superimposed civilizations, the Greek and Roman pagan world, the mediæval or Islamic, and the last 'layer of Europe returning . . . our masterful stonework in the place of their weak plaster, our permanence in the place of their ephemeral though burning moods.' His symbolism may be, largely, architectural; but it is with the broad, deep spirit of religion and history that he is imbued.

It is for this reason that he is at his best when he writes of the cities of Spain and Northern Africa — of Saragossa and Segovia, Constantine and Casarea, Tingad and Volubilis; for here his thesis — one might almost say his idiosyncrasy — has full scope. But it is not only in the description of cities that he excels; in his incidental sketches of landscape he enjoys an equal power of evocation. This book might well be reprinted in a more convenient form, on India paper perhaps, to slip into the pocket, for if it is a book to read at home to stir up our *Wanderlust*, it is also a book to take with us when we follow in his footsteps. It is a book to read lying on the slope of a hill with Spain at our feet. It is easy, of course, to find fault with Mr. Belloc. It is easy to be annoyed by the small and unnecessary affectations of his style; easy, above all, to say that he dashes his head in vain as a battering-ram against the many tendencies of which he disapproves, but is powerless to correct. Not everyone, for instance, will endorse his sweeping assertion that, 'in this time of ours, everything that is changed is changed for the worse.' Personally speaking, I sympathize with his attitude, for I like convictions to be full-blooded, and have very little use for measured and

diffident beliefs. Especially do I like enthusiastic though discriminating travelers; and on Mr. Belloc's enthusiasm and discrimination no aspersion can be cast. What he likes, he loves; and what he dislikes, he hates; and when he bestows his approval on architecture or landscape he seldom makes a mistake. I wish that he could travel even farther afield. I should like him to contemplate the snows of Lebanon through the arches of Baalbec, and to climb, in the wake of Darius and Alexander, the great stairway of Persepolis.

Bread and Honey, by Madeline Linford.
London: William Heinemann, 1928.
7s. 6d. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MISS LINFORD has at least three useful gifts of the novelist — sympathy, good humor, and the capacity to make things seem probable. Her account of Angela Worth as a novelist, though perceptive and amusing, would not in itself inspire much confidence, because what the novelist says about the novelist is not evidence of creative ability; it is upon the reëmergence, in Part III, of Angela the woman — Angela unaware — from Angela the novelist that the estimate of Miss Linford is based. It was, indeed, a brilliant inspiration to make Angela a much better castaway upon a Pacific island than a romancer about its possibilities. Most writers would have proceeded upon the lines of *The Wrong Paradise* and made Angela go to pieces when faced with the realities of the dream she had externalized in *Island Love*. Instead of which Angela rises to the occasion with a matter-of-factness peculiar to her sex, and nothing could be better than the gradual unfolding of her 'sterling qualities' under the necessity which reduces her male companion to abject helplessness. We are inclined to believe that the less discriminating champions of the female intellect will dislike Miss Linford heartily for her unexpected transformation of Angela, and we doubt if even Miss Linford is aware of all she has done by way of implication. Best of all, she has resisted the temptation of the obvious truth that Angela was born to take

care of the likes of Mr. Courtney. It is a nice question whether the novel ought or ought not to have a sequel. There is no suggestion that Angela and Mr. Courtney are ever to meet again, but 'mutual tolerance' seems, somehow, exactly to describe his demands of life, and he was quite capable of keeping Angela from writing another novel.

The scheme of the book is simple enough. Miss Angela Worth, thirty-six and spinstering comfortably in a Cheshire village, is inspired by a Christmas present of five boxes of writing paper and a chance remark of the vicar's to write a novel. The only adequate description of it is her prospective publisher's 'My Gawd!' However, *Island Love* runs into two hundred thousand copies in England and America, and is filmed, and Angela enjoys every moment of her success. Her publishers suggest a voyage to the South Seas to collect local color for a second novel, and quite plausible circumstances arrange that Angela repeats the experience of the heroine of her first, with the exception that what in *Island Love* is screened by a row of asterisks, in the actual experience is demurely deleted by a row of dots.

In general it may be said that when Miss Linford is writing from special knowledge of 'literary circles' she writes, though smartly, not very well; but when she writes from sympathetic imagination she writes very well indeed. Incidentally, her publishers are to be thanked for two glorious misprints. On page 267: 'Ovbiously Mr. Courtney was already the victim of seasickness' — almost incredibly apt in the context; and in the advertisement of another author's novel on the inside of the jacket we are told that the hero went about 'bajuring the love of women.' He sounds almost like Mr. Courtney.

Debonair, by G. B. Stern. London: Chapman and Hall; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. \$2.50.

[Sheila Kaye-Smith, in the *Daily Telegraph*]

It has been commonly said among critics that Miss G. B. Stern does her best work when she is writing of cosmopolitan Jews.

But here is a book far removed from the tents of Israel, concerned exclusively with Gentiles, which, nevertheless, is as good as *Children of No Man's Land* or *A Deputy Was King*, though it lacks the impressiveness of a big canvas and a spreading family tree.

It concentrates chiefly on one relationship — the relationship between mother and daughter. Hitherto fiction has unjustifiably neglected mothers and daughters. We have had fathers and daughters, we have had, *ad nauseam*, mothers and sons, but somehow the vital, suggestive link between a girl and her mother has not found favor with our novelists. Miss Stern shows us how full of interest and human significance it can be. She has gone back for a pattern to the earliest story of a mother and her daughter, for Demeter and Persephone are shadows behind Laura Trevelyan and Loveday Trevelyan, known as Debonair.

Loveday runs from her watchful, anxious mother to the underworld of modern adventure. In Hades she meets young Pluto, and eats the seeds of pomegranate, which, after her return to the overworld of her mother's care, will not allow her to remain, but draw her back to the lover who eventually claims her for his own.

The relationship between Demeter and her daughter is given with a great sympathy, a great humor, and a great tenderness. Demeter is no majestic, shadowy goddess, but a 'stout little black shape,' whom Persephone escorts 'as though she were a careful young squire in charge of a rather obstreperous black parcel.' She trots, she fusses, she interferes, she fails to understand, but her daughter prefers her infinitely to the other mother in the book, Petal, — so called by her grown-up son, — who is always right, always broad-minded and efficient and understanding. 'Give me a

natural darling beast of a mother! thought Loveday frantically.'

It is this study of the mother and daughter and the character of Loveday herself that make the book notable. The gay, reckless, adventurous girl, sometimes manly, sometimes childish, as is the way of girls, is a refreshing acquaintance to make. She never loses her delightfulness, though her misdeeds are not glossed over. She is what is generally known as a 'gold-digger,' but so gay, so witty, so warm-hearted, and unmercenary a gold-digger that one hardly thinks of her as such till the book is shut and reflected on. My one protest is that she is not debonair — in any true dictionary sense of the word. Debonair is merely the French of the Old English word *mæc*, before it attained its present crawling significance. Debonair is gay and merry and sweet, a laughing inheritor — not plunderer — of the earth; debonair is never insolent, cold, or predatory, as Loveday can sometimes be.

But it shows want of resource in a critic to quarrel with a word. The reason is that Miss Stern gives one so little else to quarrel with, beyond here and there a wanton double twist of the story or a light-hearted disregard of probabilities. Her touch on life is as honest, witty, and human as ever, while her style has notably advanced in color and sensitiveness. *Debonair*, though perhaps not so impressive as one or two of its predecessors, contains undoubtedly some of her best work.



BOOKS MENTIONED

OULMONT, CHARLES. *Les Lunettes de l'amateur d'objets d'art*. Paris: Editorial Grasset, 1927.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Transplanting: A Narrative from the Letters of Marie Balascheff, edited by Martha Genung Stearns. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1928. \$2.50.

A PATHETIC contrast is drawn in this charming study of a woman who has been raised in the best Court circles of the old Russian régime but who has been forced by the great social upheaval in her homeland to go out into the world and to earn her daily bread. Like so many of her countrymen, Marie Balascheff has abandoned a life of ease for one of arduous work, and her letters are an intimate revelation of her own heart. The unalloyed gold of her character has been brought to the surface by the vicissitudes to which she has been subjected; for she maintains a steady belief in the Orthodox faith of her Russian fathers, and fears that her country is lost once it loses its faith in God. When Mme. Balascheff's duck farm proves a failure, she accepts the situation philosophically; she does not complain, and perhaps even finds greater happiness in her life now that she is a poor outcast than she did when she was known at the Court of Queen Victoria and in our own American capital as a child, for she rises spiritually above her physical surroundings. She is much more sympathetic toward America than most Europeans. A few ardent Soviets may say that the volume is insidious anti-Bolshevist propaganda designed to appeal to our American sentimentality, but even as such it deserves praise as a beautiful and well-executed picture of a lovely woman.

Reeds and Mud, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1928. \$2.50.

THIS early novel of Ibáñez suggests the thought that, although the good may not die young, apparently many of their better qualities do. The later works of this recent

Spanish novelist, when compared with *Reeds and Mud*, appear trivial and unconvincing. Here we are told the story of Tio Paloma's attempt to force a living from the lake country of Albufera, and of his grandson's rebellion against the settled ways and untiring industry of that region. Father, son, and grandson are bound to the soil, living among the squalid provincial eel-fishers of Palmar. These people have an horizon which extends no farther than the lake about which they live, and this very lake which offers them a livelihood brings about the downfall of the Tio Paloma family. The story is definitely tragic, even in the renewed love of Tonet for his childhood sweetheart, who has become the bride of an alien innkeeper who inhabits the region and later dies. With all the power of Ibáñez, and without the more trashy and popular elements that marred much of his later writing, this posthumously translated novel raises our opinion of that eminent Spanish novelist, republican, and adventurer.

Mr. Weston's Good Wine, by T. F. Powys. New York: The Viking Press, 1928. \$3.50.

SUCH an extremely individual novel as *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* stimulates an equally individual response, and, if this reviewer happens to regard the book as an almost total loss, that does not mean that it lacks merit or that a truly sensitive spirit might not find refreshment in its pages. To explain why Mr. Powys's odd mixture of rustics and mystics strikes us as wholly false would require more space than we can spare — and perhaps, indeed, more space than the subject deserves anyway. An attempt to outline the plot must therefore suffice.

Mr. Weston and his assistant Michael approach, in a Ford truck, the little village of Folly Down bearing a list of possible customers for their good wine. Michael

runs through the names and introduces us to the various characters — Mrs. Vosper, who operates a house of assignation; the two Mumby boys and the three Kiddle girls, who have visited it; the atheist widowed clergyman and his lovely daughter Tamar and her servant Jenny Bunce; Luke Bird, who preaches the Gospel to the beasts of the field; old Gunter, the gravedigger; and one or two more. We enter this Spoon River community just as a plot to rape the innocent Jenny is at its height, but she is saved by the sudden appearance of Mr. Weston's electric light sign advertising his wares. The characters then wander aimlessly but lustfully about, and at Mr. Weston's arrival time stops. This good gentleman then pays his calls, rights the wrongs of the village, gives the clergyman his dark deadly wine to drink and the others his lighter wine for everyday use, leaves the dead Tamar ravished by the angelic Michael of whom she had dreamed, and retires into the night. Time begins again, and we discover that Mr. Weston is none other than our old friend God.

Shaken by the Wind, by Ray Strachey.
New York: The Macmillan Company,
1928. \$2.50.

MRS. STRACHEY's study of religious fanaticism in the nineteenth century is another abnormal psychology novel. New faiths, and always blind emotional faiths, are sought by the Sonning family, over whom stands Sarah Sonning, a pitiable mother who guides them by her trust in a merciful God.

Sarah's husband, Thomas, falls under the oratorical influence of Brother Rufus Hollins, prophet of the New Believers. She sees Thomas Sonning rise to the doubtfully eminent position of pastor of his sect, and then, as though his fanaticism were a disease which had run its course, grow physically and mentally ill when he is caught in the meshes of scandal. Sarah finds additional tragedy in seeing her son abandon his maternal ties for the cult of New Believers. He falls in love with Lottie, another member of the sect, and goes to live in a communal community founded by Brother Hollins. Sarah, remaining aloof and

retaining her belief in her own all-merciful God, realizes that her son has fallen into evil ways, and saves him just as his wife, Lottie, dies at the stillbirth of a child who had been destined to be the new Messiah, since its father was Brother Hollins, the founder of the cult. Such a vivid picture of a sordid aspect of religion is sure to arrest attention, and the subject becomes so interesting that we may forget some of the novel's technical defects.

The Deadlock, by V. V. Vieressaev. New York: The Century Company, 1928.
\$2.00.

COMPLAINT has been made recently of what a 'humble lot the critics are,' and of how, when the reviewer has 'some difficulty in making up his mind on just which shoulders the strait-jacket should fall,' he generally compromises. With *The Deadlock*, however, the difficulties lie more in the reading than in the criticizing. After nearly four hundred pages one turns with relief to the now-tattered jacket to discover that the book deals with life in a small Crimean town during the years when the Reds and the Whites were fighting for control of the country. To call the book a novel seems a misleading euphemism for a series of ill-focused snapshots of the sufferings and cruelties inflicted on peasant and burgess alike. The heroine, as ill-favored as she is prying and inept, plodding through the different scenes, provokes monotonous wastes of dissertation by her ever-ready questions — 'Why do you do that?' or, 'I don't understand; why do you take all the corn away from the Moujiks?' The author, a whilom Bolshevik official, gives account of the raids and atrocities in a thoroughly businesslike fashion, but as the Bolsheviks, Kulaks, and Whites commit them indiscriminately, and as the author provides no correlation, the result is hopelessly confusing. Out of the hodgepodge one impression detaches itself with force — that of the tragic and unbridgeable gulf that exists between man and man; but that the author should find it necessary to illustrate the hopeless nature of this disparity at such length is to be deplored. No. Decidedly the strait-jacket falls on Mr. Vieressaev's shoulders.

DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

HUMAN nature never is what it was, and never will be what it is. — *Mr. Dunnico, M. P.*

* * *

People are always prophesying what will happen next; and they are always falling into the fatuous and obvious folly of making it merely the same as what has happened last.

— *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

It is a magnificent thing to encourage the reading of poetry, but I am not at all sure that it is such a good thing to encourage the writing of it.

— *John Drinkwater*

* * *

If you spare the rod you do not spoil the child.

— *J. R. Eccles*

* * *

It sometimes happens that the only reason a woman has to work is because she has got a husband. — *Councilor Stone, of Canterbury*

* * *

The very presence of a British man-of-war has a soothing effect on the people who see it.

— *Rear-Admiral Beamish, M.P.*

* * *

What has Persia done for aviation, except to invent the magic carpet?

— *Lieutenant-Colonel Moore-Brabazon*

* * *

The tyranny of glaring wealth has been substituted for that of kings.

— *Reverend H. Dunnico*

* * *

You can't have too many rich men.

— *Lord Balfour*

* * *

Publicity is the breath of life; the best and noblest of things are in danger of languishing without it. — *W. B. Maxwell*

* * *

The desire to be always in the limelight is one of the besetting sins of Members of Parliament.

— *Duchess of Atholl*

* * *

Alcohol is the greatest killjoy on earth.

— *Dr. C. W. Saleby*

Although alcohol is the most important food we have, there are innumerable cranks in the country who would do away with it because some people take it to excess.

— *Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane*

* * *

Beware of the faddists. They are dangerous animals. — *Sir James Crichton-Browne*

* * *

It is better to be a faddist and healthy than not to be a faddist and to be ill.

— *Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter*

* * *

Science is gradually becoming more sympathetic toward religion.

— *Reverend R. J. Campbell*

* * *

Science is primarily an attempt to coerce the spirits, religion to propitiate them.

— *Dr. W. R. D. Fairbairn*

* * *

The tendency of the average American is to ask ten dollars for an article when he will be quite satisfied to take five.

— *Honorable H. H. Stevens, M.P.*

* * *

There is much more kindness and tolerance. London nowadays is teeming with good words.

— *Sir Oliver Lodge*

* * *

The Dollar Steamship Co. s.s. Pres. Lincoln put in Yokohama at daybreak on the 12th after coming through two days' rough voyage. The steamer had flown into the centre of atmospheric depression of violent description at 400 nautical miles from Yokohama. Her huge hull of 14,000 tons had lurched and rolled vehemently at the mercury of the raging billows. The wireless office had got demolished, and the antennae been blown off.

The K.Y.K. s.s. Oturu Maru, Calcutta Maru, Tokiwa Maru, and a dozen others came in port one after another after their trying experiences, and some of them had escaped unscathed, attesting to the exceptional furies of the storm.

— *Manchuria Daily News*

THE FIRST STEP

WITH this issue *The Living Age* takes the first step in carrying out its recently announced program of enlargement and improvement. The new features included in the following pages are the result of careful study, and are designed to add elements of variety and freshness which will round out the contents of the magazine to the increased satisfaction and interest of its readers.

THE new section entitled *Persons and Personages* affords the reader opportunity to become acquainted each month with striking figures moving across the foreign scene. The significant opinions of influential men the world over concerning a fundamental problem of international society are presented in *War and Peace*. *As Others See Us* tells what the rest of the world thinks of the United States. *Metropolitana* is devoted to the life of the world's great cities; while for those who go abroad to see for themselves, *Paths and Places* gives the news of travel and travel routes in many lands.

ALTHOUGH the addition of these new features is only the first step in our general program of enlargement and improvement, nevertheless at this time we cordially invite correspondence, addressed to the Editors of *The Living Age*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., from all readers who may be willing to express approval or criticism concerning the departments here presented for the first time. Write frankly and helpfully. It will be appreciated.



FOR THOSE NOT ALREADY SUBSCRIBERS:



The Living Age

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

Please enter my subscription to the enlarged, improved *Living Age* for one year (12 monthly issues), for which I enclose \$4.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

THE GUIDE POST

LAST fall Sir Frederick Whyte contributed to the London *Times* a series of articles on China that were generally regarded as the most intelligent treatment of that puzzling subject that the year brought forth. He is now doing another series for the *Observer*, painting on rather a larger canvas, and we present the first two installments in this issue.

~ ~ ~

The *Labour Monthly* is a real live Communist review, published in London, and filled with anti-imperialist, anticapitalist invective. W. N. Ewer, one of its most staunch and able contributors, gives the other side of the picture painted by Sir Frederick Whyte.

~ ~ ~

Three types of gold standard have emerged in Europe as a result of the monetary crisis that followed the war. Frédéric Jenny, editor of the financial section of *Le Temps*, gives the clearest definition we have seen of each of these three methods, and explains their various advantages and drawbacks. The subject is naturally a vital one in France at the moment.

~ ~ ~

The Warsaw correspondent of the London *Times* describes Poland's difficulties on three fronts. It is perhaps no wonder that such a proud people, intimidated on either side, by Russia and by Germany, should bear down rather hard on little Lithuania.

~ ~ ~

We print 'Poseidon's' plea for a return to coal not so much because we think his advice will be heeded as to show the line of thought that a certain type of Tory mind finds itself forced to pursue. From a human point of view, the article recalls Arnold Bennett's *Milestones*, in which each generation prophesied disaster for its successors. The spectacle of England holding more than half the oil lands in the world somehow fails to move us to tears, or to convince us that coal is her salvation.

In our last issue Leopold Weiss contributed an illuminating study of Ibn Saud and his relations with the British Empire. Here he gives us a much more intimate glimpse of the people of Mecca and of their king, who must be reckoned as one of the really great figures to have emerged since the war.

~ ~ ~

Gaston Rageot is the master of a lucid style, typical of French intelligence at its best. In the contrast between culture and technique — in other words, between Europe and America — he sees the cause of most of our modern confusion. He possesses an amazing faculty of bringing ideas to life that many of his equally logical countrymen lack.

~ ~ ~

Trust a Frenchman to put his finger on a blighted love affair as the explanation of the aberrations of genius; and by all means believe such a Frenchman when Ibsen is the genius in question. André Levinson adopts exactly the right attitude toward the author of *A Doll's House*, and other Belasco successes, whose centenary we have all been tiring ourselves out by celebrating this year. This engaging critic announces that most of us make the mistake of taking Ibsen's sociology seriously and ignoring the deep emotions that were impelling him all the time.

~ ~ ~

In taking cognizance of the sixtieth birthday of Maksim Gor'kii — we wish the proofreaders would let us spell his name correctly — we felt that it was only fair to turn to one of his Communist comrades for a full appreciation of his work. Is there, perhaps, significance in the fact that a great novelist happens to be a Red and that Morrow and Morgan enjoy detective stories?

~ ~ ~

We admit that a Czechoslovak story-writer called Yaroslav Hasek sounds forbidding, but we urge our readers to give him the benefit of a considerable doubt and let themselves in for a little real amusement.